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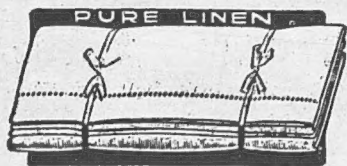
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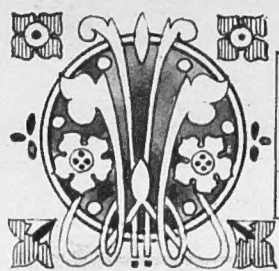


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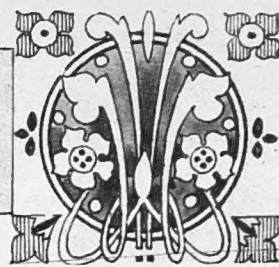


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No. 1616—Vol. CXXV.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1924.

ONE SHILLING.



WITH MRS. BENNET: CAPTAIN BENNET, WHOSE ACCIDENT LEFT HIM UNCONSCIOUS FOR MANY DAYS.

Captain G. Harbord Bennet, the famous amateur steeplechase rider, was unconscious for many days after his fall at Wolverhampton when riding Arden in the Otley Steeplechase, and his condition gave rise to the gravest anxiety. He is one of the best known of our amateur steeplechase jockeys, and rode Sergeant

Murphy to victory in last year's Grand National, and was again to ride the horse this year at Aintree—an engagement which it will now be impossible for him to fulfil, even if he makes a speedy recovery. Captain Bennet's marriage to Miss Cicely Swan, daughter of Colonel R. Clayton Swan, took place in July 1923.

Photograph by Alfieri.



Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

TO-DAY'S TALK ABOUT UNEMPLOYMENT.

THIS sounds a dull subject, but it isn't. It is the most thrilling subject of the day.

You may say that what is to happen to-morrow in the political world is the most thrilling subject of the day. Yes, but what happens to-morrow in the political world will have its roots in unemployment. What is more, unemployment will continue when all the present competitors for office have passed over to that land where there are no divisions. (A devastating thought for a politician.)

Mr. Baldwin asked for Protection because he saw in Protection the one and only remedy for unemployment.

Mr. Ramsay Macdonald desires nothing better on this earth than to find some remedy for unemployment.

If Mr. Asquith can cure unemployment, all his political ambitions will be satisfied.

Here, then, you have three leaders of three parties who simply live to find jobs for the unemployed. Presuming that their followers are more or less faithful to them, as followers more or less are, the whole of the Members of Parliament have before them one and the same thought—to find a remedy for unemployment.

The House of Lords is just as agitated about unemployment. If you went straight up to the first noble Peer you happened to meet, and if you said, "Pardon me, my Lord, but what is the chief need in politics to-day?" he would reply, "To find a remedy for unemployment."

So they are all agreed. Isn't it wonderful? There is, for once in a way, nothing whatever to quarrel about. All the Commons and all the Lords want the same thing. What splendid unanimity!

How are we to preserve this unanimity?

We don't want them to quarrel. When rogues fall out, honest men come by their own. When politicians fall out, honest men have to foot the bill.

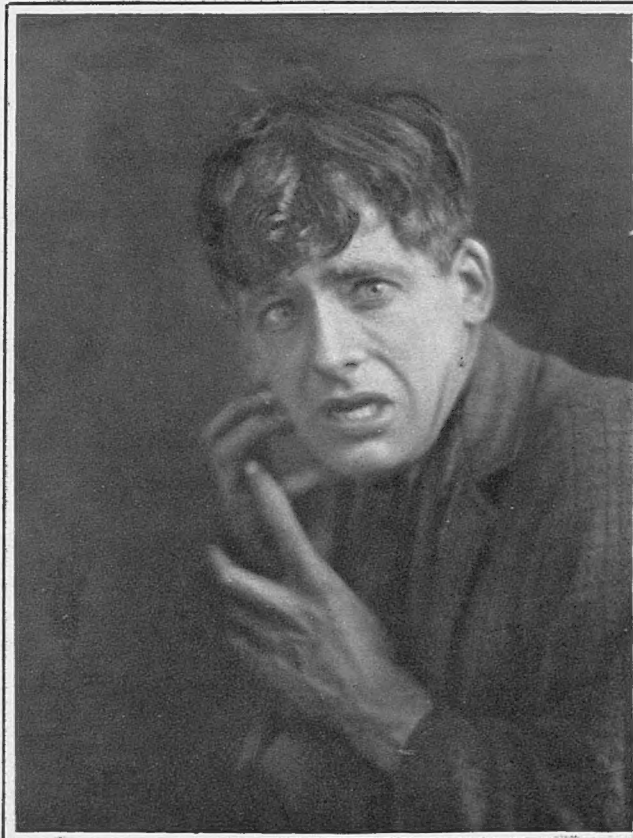
It is quite clear that the essence of Party government is dispute. If there were no disputes there would be no speeches and no divisions. The work would just be done.

In that case, I admit, the world would hear little or nothing of all these brilliant people. Those eight or ten columns in the newspapers now devoted to speeches in Parliament would have to be handed over to something else—murders or football. Possibly divorces—if people can be found to defend a divorce suit, and they get rarer and rarer.

It is clear, therefore, that if Party government is to continue on the old lines there must be something to fight about. The danger of the present situation from the point of view of the politician is its peaceable aspect.

The unemployed, turning to their side of the question, are in a condition of great peril. With so many great minds determined to find them work, they may at any moment be found work.

How would that suit the unemployed?



THE YOUNG ACTOR WHOSE PERFORMANCE IN "A MAGDALEN'S HUSBAND" HAS ROUSED CONSIDERABLE ADMIRATION: MR. ROBERT HARRIS, AS NICK.

"A Magdalen's husband," an adaptation of the novel by Vincent Brown, is the latest St. Martin's Playbox production. We reproduce above a remarkable photograph of Mr. Robert Harris, the young actor who has made such a big success in the rôle of young Nick Draicott, the brother of Zeekel Draicott, who murders Martin Potten and finally confesses his guilt. Mr. Harris plays the part with great power, and is a young actor who is worth watching.—[Photograph by C. Pollard Crowther, F.R.P.S.]

What would the unemployed do if one of these three parties suddenly solved the problem and found them work?

You may retort that they would do it. That shows how little you understand the great unemployment question.

only yesterday who had refused several attractive invitations and stayed at home all the afternoon to interview the most perfect cook in the world. This cook was one of the unemployed, and the lady badly wanted to give her employment.

The cook never turned up. The lady wept. The cook is still unemployed.

We will say she is an exception. We will say that vast numbers of men, women, and children are frantically searching for work and can't find any. That is to say, they are searching for work in this island. There is plenty of work waiting for them overseas, in our salubrious and prosperous Dominions, but they must have it in these islands. For some reason, they cannot travel. But they do very badly want work.

Right. The million and a half unemployed that we keep hearing about include every man, woman, girl, and boy who puts himself or herself down at the Labour Exchange as unemployed.

It is the dream of Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, all their followers, and the House of Lords to get all this million and a half so busy and active and thriving that a swarm of bees at work in your garden on a June day will be sluggards in comparison with them.

You need not be afraid that these worthy gentlemen will ever lose the one object to attain which they are all in harmony.

There will always be unemployed.

There will always be ladies weeping behind drawing-room curtains because the one perfect cook does not turn up to keep her appointment.

There will always be gentlemen walking in a procession with a mounted policeman at the head of the column and a mounted policeman at the foot, and a large banner somewhere about the middle upon which is inscribed—

WE WANT WORK! WE MUST WORK!! WE WILL WORK!!!!

The nucleus of these (not the whole, mind) are the professional unemployed. I can remember them when I was quite a tiny fellow. I can remember that in those days, just as in these, everybody was agreed that work must be found for all the unemployed.

It never has been, and it never will be.

The AMALGAMATED UNION OF SNOW-SHOVELLERS is undaunted. All the summer through they stand shoulder to shoulder. The only thing that can put them to flight is a fall of snow.

Rest content, therefore. Our politicians will continue to dwell in harmony. They are

all worrying the same bone, but it can never be called a bone of contention.

The professional unemployed—as distinct from those who really want work—are our political saviours.

"The Sketch" Offers £100 for a Simple Poster Design.

Full details of this opportunity for artists will be found on Page X of this issue.

There are, of course, unemployed and unemployed. There are, I have no doubt, people out of work who would really like to work. Personally, I must say that I don't know very many of them. I met a lady

The 16-Year-Old Author of a "36-Year-Old" Novel.



THE SCHOOLGIRL NOVELIST OF "THE SHORELESS SEA": MISS MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES.

Miss Mollie Panter-Downes is sixteen years of age, and has written a remarkable novel, entitled "The Shoreless Sea," recently published by John Murray. It is a novel of present-day life, and is

a serious study of temperament and human relationship, which might have come from the pen of a woman of thirty-six, instead of a girl of sixteen!—[From the Portrait by Cyril Roberts.]

MARIEGOLD IN SOCIETY.

THE stay-at-homes who are not packing up for the Riviera or Switzerland seem to be bearing up bravely, in spite of the gloom of January weather and the "awful menace of Socialism" which we may read of daily over our breakfast coffee! After all, London is not too bad a place to be in at any time of the year,

Westminster Cathedral is distinctly on the gloomy side. However, when you step into the Chamberlains' new London home, everything is most inviting. The drawing-room is one of the most original I have ever seen, as it has floor-boards enamelled in bright jade-green. The walls are just the same shade; and the wonderful orange taffetas curtains, which were so much admired when they hung in 11, Downing Street, give an effect of sunny brilliance which is thoroughly heartening in January weather. As for Mrs. Chamberlain's bed-room, it is beautiful, and is, I think, the only "flat" room which I have seen containing a four-poster. The furniture is Italian, and the colour-scheme is green and Venetian-red—a favourite one to go with that style. By the way, the Chamberlains call their new residence a "flat," but this is only a *façon de parler*, for it has a "downstairs," with a dining-room, and a study for Mr. Chamberlain.

The hunting folk are not in the highest spirits, and no wonder, but still there has been some sport in the unbanned countries of late. A big Melton contingent turned up with the Cottesmore the other day, for the Greetham Inn fixture, in spite of the long distance they had to go.

The Master, Mr. "Jimmy" Baird, was out that day; and Lady Irene Curzon, Lady Ancaster, Lady Ursula Grosvenor, the Lancelot Lowthers, Sir Joseph Laycock, Lord Beatty,

and many other important folk were to be seen. The morning was spent galloping about the woods, and there were various false alarms and hopes that a burst in the open might result; but only those who stayed on till the end were rewarded by the ripping gallop over a charming bit of country, and lots of high timber to jump.

Lady Ursula Grosvenor showed them all the way on her new short-tailed hunter (a gift from her father), which is a regular star turn. One gate she took seemed as nothing to her mount, though many of us would have thought a long time before "lepping" it. Lady Ursula, by the way, is off to join her father in the South of France this week, but is not, I hear, paying a long visit to the Côte d'Azur.

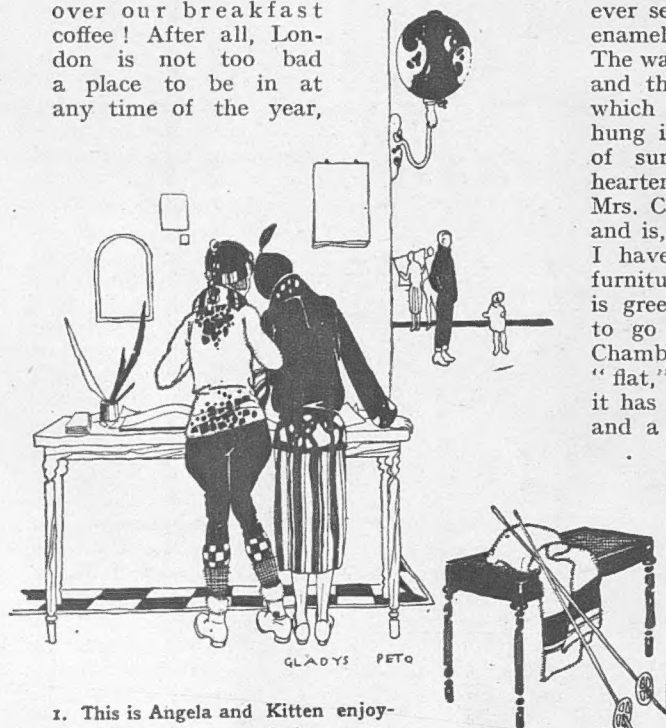
The Prince has been having a hunt or two lately, and everyone is talking of the wonderful run he had with the Whaddon Chase, and how hard he goes this year. He was the guest of Major "Tommy" Bouch at Woolsthorpe when he had a couple of days with the Belvoir. The Master, by the way, had a bad shaking on the other Monday, and Nimrod Capell has been hunting hounds till he is fit again.

Hunt balls have been taking a good many well-known folk up and down the country; and though the Cheshire hunting is stopped, the ball went on as usual, and was more crowded than ever. The Grosvenor family always support the gathering, and though the Duke and Duchess were away, Lady

Arthur Grosvenor brought a party; and her two girls in their white-and-green frocks—a very good colour-scheme to go with pink coats—were much admired. Lady Arthur's son, Captain Grosvenor, is, of course, the heir-presumptive to the Dukedom of Westminster. Another member of the family present was Lady Ursula Grosvenor, who came from Saighton with a big party; and Lord Wavertree had a number of guests with him, though Lady Wavertree was not at the ball, as she is already "sun-chasing" on the Riviera.

And, talking of hunt balls, I noticed at the Pytchley Ball one of the most original evening frocks I have seen for a long time. It was worn by Lady Zia Wernher, and consisted of masses of many-coloured flounces. It sounds more astonishing than pretty, but, as a matter of fact, it suited its wearer to perfection.

In London, perhaps the little people are amongst the most important, and heaps of holiday parties are still being given. Fancy-dress gatherings have been very popular in nursery and schoolroom circles this year, and on many occasions young Lord Townshend, in his white Cavalier costume, has been well to the fore, escorting his small sister, Lady Elizabeth, whose disguise is a down-to-the-ground period dress of stiff old silk—the kind which stands by itself. Lord Moore is another brother who usually



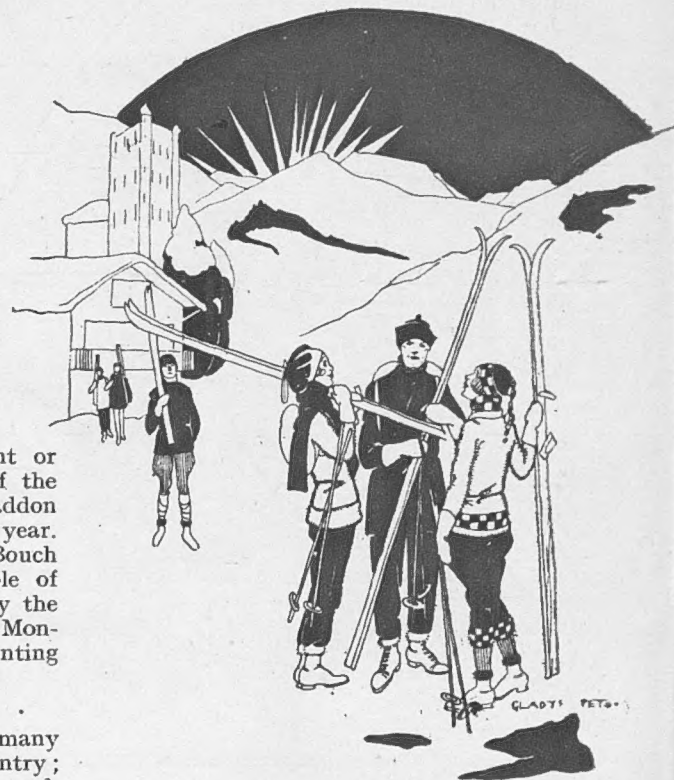
1. This is Angela and Kitten enjoying that well-known Swiss sport—studying the Visitors' Book. They find that Mr. Vivian Tellemark, the celebrated ski-runner, is among the guests, and decide that the imposing gentleman who appears in the distance is most certainly he.

and there is never a really "dead" season nowadays.

The Ritz has been very busy for lunches lately, and now that Lady Cunard has made it her headquarters, she is entertaining a good deal there. Lunches have always been Lady Cunard's "long suit," and though she seldom has many guests at a time, her parties are always well selected, and composed of really interesting folk. The conversation is usually very brilliant, too—in the general, round-the-table, Continental style, in contrast to the usual gossip, two-by-two talk of English social gatherings. But then, Lady Cunard belongs to the brilliant intellectual set—what the frivolous would refer to as the smart high-brows—and is what the eighteenth century would have styled a "woman of parts." Her daughter, the clever and poetic Nancy, has, by the way, taken up her residence in Paris, and is just moving into a delightful *appartement* on the Ile de St. Louis.

But to return to Lady Cunard's recent entertainments; the other day she had Mrs. Austen Chamberlain, Lady Lavery, and Prince Obolensky at one of her most successful gatherings.

Talking of Mrs. Austen Chamberlain reminds me that the arrangement of her new flat in Morpeth Mansions is now finished. The result is an uncommonly cheerful example of lively modern house decoration—a fact which is all the more noticeable as from the outside the flats are just a shade depressing, and their situation behind



2. So they resolve to cultivate an acquaintanceship, and, finding he is going upon an expedition, they also arise at dawn (which they dislike excessively) and make themselves agreeable to him.

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The Beautiful Irish Wife of a Portrait Painter.



THE SUBJECT OF SOME OF HER HUSBAND'S PICTURES:
MRS. OSWALD BIRLEY.

Mrs. Oswald Birley is the wife of Captain Oswald Birley, M.C., R.O.I., the distinguished portrait-painter and artist, whose work is so well known both in this country and abroad. She was formerly Miss Rhoda Vava Pike, and is the daughter of Mr. Robert Lecky Pike, of Kilnock, Tullow, County Carlow, was married in 1921, and has a baby girl called Maxine. Mrs. Pike is a remarkable type of Irish beauty, and has been the inspiration of several of her husband's pictures,

including "The Green Mask," which, it may be remembered, was reproduced as "The Sketch" Christmas Presentation Plate in 1922; and the delightful portrait which was exhibited under the title of "Rhoda" and reproduced in "The Sketch" last year. Captain and Mrs. Birley have a beautiful house in town in Wellington Road, Hampstead, but have just left England for a visit to America, and will be abroad for some time.—[Photograph by Campbell Studios.]



The Clubman.

By Beveren.

The Colonel in His Book-Shop. Close by Tattersall's, in Knightsbridge, is a small book-shop where you can get not only all the latest French publications, but many old-fashioned and valuable English books in the most beautiful of bindings; also music-books made by photographing the original manuscript scores of Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, Wagner, and other famous composers. I believe, indeed, that the King is permitting the proprietor of this shop to obtain photographic facsimiles of some of the Handel scores that are in the library at Windsor Castle.

The proprietor of this shop is Lieutenant-Colonel Francis Cockerell, who was a book-lover before he achieved fame in the Army; he did particularly successful work in Upper Silesia during the troublous times that succeeded the war. Colonel Cockerell is a descendant of Pepys, so it is not suprising that he has collected many most interesting Pepys editions, letters, and memoranda.

How Colonel Cockerell came to run a bookshop is a story by itself. One day he went into a London bookseller's and heard a book-buyer making most angry remarks about the delay in obtaining from France various volumes that he had ordered. Colonel Cockerell listened and pondered while the assistants in the shop made apologies. Now it so happens that the Colonel has connections with Paris. As the customer went out, still breathing protests, Colonel Cockerell made up his mind. He followed him. He introduced himself with, "I could not help but overhear your complaint. I think I could get those books for you." The book-buyer agreed to let him do so, and a price was arranged.

Colonel Cockerell telephoned and telegraphed, got his particular friends in Paris to put extra energy into the task of getting hold of the books required, and delivered them in England by the time stipulated. There were extra expenses, but this was a big order—over seven hundred volumes—and his own profit was something like £40.

That decided him. He became a bookseller. He is an interesting, cultured man, and he has now gathered round him a *clientèle* who visit him not only to buy books, but to talk about them, with satisfaction to both sides.

"The Right Man in the Right Place."

Speakers at public dinners, proposing the health of various deserving persons, have not yet discarded the time-worn phrase "the right man in the right place." Still, I did hear at a dinner gathering in the West End recently a speaker who salted this phrase with a certain amount of sly humour.

He told the story of two philosophical "Weary Willies." Said one of them to the other, "Did you ever know a time when the people agreed unanimously that they had the right man in the right place?"

"Only once," replied his companion. "That was on one occasion when I was being put into gaol."

Lady Mary Thynne.

The announcement that in all likelihood Lady Mary Thynne, the beautiful daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Bath, will become Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Alice of Athlone is interesting news indeed. Lady Mary Thynne will be out in South Africa for the visit of the Prince of Wales. She was one of the bridesmaids at Princess Mary's wedding. She is a charming girl, well regarded by the King and Queen, and much liked by Princess Alice. Her presence will undoubtedly add to the social enjoyment of the Prince during his



A WELL-KNOWN FIGURE IN LITERARY AND ARTISTIC CIRCLES AS A SPANISH ARTIST SEES HER: NANCY CUNARD; BY ORTIZ DE ZARATE.

Ortiz de Zarate is a Spanish artist who is well known both in Paris and in South America. He exhibits at the Salon, and examples of his work hang in the Museum at Grenoble. The portrait of Lady Cunard's daughter which we reproduce above gives an excellent idea of de Zarate's work, and is of special interest as the subject is so well known in London Society, and has gained considerable notice as a poet. She is the only daughter of Lady Cunard, and has recently taken an appartement in Paris on the Ile St. Louis.—[From the Painting by Ortiz de Zarate.]

stay in Africa—besides which she can be regarded by South Africans as a typical product of British aristocracy of the best type.

The Prince's tour has been mapped out so that he will get a due proportion of the big-game shooting and the horse exercise of which he is so fond. Polo has been rather a difficult matter to arrange, because the game is not played in South Africa nearly to the same extent as in India.

The Mysterious Shoes.

Practical jokes are not so popular as they used to be. People nowadays, unless they are very young and feeling very fit, have not so much liking for boisterousness. But I did hear of a vivacious lady who has been giving a rather pompous gentleman at a dinner party some very disquieting moments.

She found herself seated immediately opposite him. His heavy seriousness contrasted with the general gaiety of the company. He both fascinated and irritated the lady of whom I am speaking.

The dinner was not quite ended before the company was startled by the lady exclaiming in shocked and angry tones, "Mr. —, will you please take your feet off my lap?" The other guests could not help but be affected by the cry; they were indeed horrified to observe the tips of a pair of patent shoes showing near the table-edge above the lady's knee.

Bewilderment overspread the countenance of the pompous gentleman, who faltered a denial.

The glimpse of the gleaming patent shoes was only momentary. Immediately the lady remonstrated the shoes disappeared.

The dinner proceeded; then exactly the same thing happened.

This time the assembled guests and the unfortunate gentleman were given an explanation, and everything ended in merry laughter. The lively lady had been up to her tricks. She had borrowed a pair of patent shoes from one of the men of the party. Holding these by the heels, with her hands concealed beneath the table-cloth, she had produced the exact appearance of feet resting upon her lap.

I gather that even the victim saw the joke.

"Home Weeks." One of the things the Women's Section of the British Empire Exhibition is to do is to organise "Home Weeks" in this country for the benefit of visitors from overseas.

"Home Weeks" are well-known institutions in Canada, particularly in Ontario and the East. Generally, however, they are confined to villages and the smaller towns. The idea is that the residents should arrange for as many as possible of their relatives to visit the old home during a certain week, and that week is made gay and full of incident, what with parties, dances, amateur theatricals, sports meetings, and the like. Hostesses

exert themselves to the utmost in a private capacity, and many friendships are made and cemented.

I don't quite know how the hostesses of the Women's Section of the Empire Exhibition propose to carry out such an idea in an enormous centre like London; but anything that tends to develop goodwill between the people here and the visitors who are coming from all over the Empire deserves to be encouraged.

A Family Study.



*With the Hon. Anthony
and the Hon. Peter St. Clair-Erskine:
Lady Loughborough.*

Lady Loughborough is the wife of Lord Loughborough, the eldest son of the fifth Earl of Rosslyn. She is Australian by birth, and is the daughter of Mr. Harry Chisholm, of Sydney, New South Wales. Her marriage to Lord Loughborough took place in 1915,

and she has two sons—the Hon. Anthony Hugh Francis Harry St. Clair-Erskine, born in 1917; and the Hon. Peter George Alexander St. Clair-Erskine, who is a year younger. They are both shown with her in our beautiful portrait study.

Portrait Study by Marcus Adams, The Children's Studio, 43, Dover Street, W.

SOCIETY ON SKATES AND SKIS: PICTURES



Winning the Bottle Hockey Race: Mrs. Anderson.



*With her husband, Captain Stephen Trevor:
Lady Olivia Trevor at Pontresina.*



On the Suvretta House ice rink: Lady Perrott.



*Off on a skiing expedition:
Miss Morna MacCormack
at Pontresina.*



Trousered chic: Miss Dobson at St. Moritz.

WELL-KNOWN FOLK ON RINK AND

The winter-sports season is now in full swing, and many well-known people have assembled at the various popular resorts, and are enjoying the delights of skating, skiing, tobogganing, etc. Miss Morna MacCormack is the younger daughter of Sir Alexander MacCormack, the famous surgeon of Sydney. Lady Dorothy d'Oyly Carte, whose name is so well known in connection with the D'Oyly Carte Company, is the youngest daughter of the second Earl of Cranbrook, and an aunt of the present holder of the title.—Mr. "Atty" Persse is one of the best-known trainers. His

FROM THE LAND OF SNOW AND SUNSHINE.



A famous trainer and his wife:
Mr. 'Atty' Persse & Mrs. Persse—formerly
Miss Emily Brooke.



Ski-ing at Pontresina:
Lady Dorothy D'Oyley Carte.



A Champion skater: Mr. Gillis Grafstrom.



With Lady
Mullens:
Miss Avril
Mullens.



The daughters of Lord Francis Hope:
The Misses Doria and
Mary Pelham-Clinton-Hope.

RUN: THE JOYS OF WINTER-SPORTING.

marriage to Miss Emily Brooke, elder daughter of Sir George Brooke, first Baronet, of Summerton, Castleknock, County Dublin, the clever young actress, took place in 1922, and he and Mrs. Persse have a small son.—Lady Olivia Trevor is the eldest daughter of the eighteenth Earl of Caithness. Her marriage to Captain Stephen Trevor took place in 1920.—Lord Henry Francis Pelham-Clinton-Hope is the brother of the Duke of Newcastle. His daughters were born in 1908 and 1910 respectively.—Lady Mullens is the wife of Sir John Mullens. Miss Avril Mullens is her younger daughter.

"C. D. S." — the Caricatured and Their Autographs.

Oxford v. Cambridge Ski Race.



Last year
Dobbs, the
Cambridge Capt.,
wore a hat like
this and came in
third.



This year he
tried this &
was
second.

He will
undoubtedly
come in first
next time
if—



— he affects
this —



or this

Leonard S. Dobbs.

But the prize must go to the Hon. Oliver Farrer (Camb), whose headgear is calculated to meet all requirements.

Normally, it
is like this:



In snowy
weather,
it is
adjusted
like this



During the
heavy
rains, it
is let
down
thus.



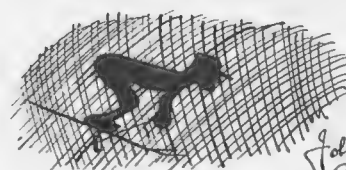
And it
has other
uses as
well.



Get outa
my way!

Shant!

Oliver Farrer.



*John P.
Carleton.*

Carleton, of Oxford, was foolish enough to attempt to intimidate a fir-tree. He fell into 32 feet of snow, & it wasn't until the dinner-gong sounded that he finally set off again for the winning-post.

The Kandahar Ski Cup.



What was the meaning of
that mysterious light in
Room 360 on the night
before the race?



It was Lord Knebworth
waxing his skis for
the morrow.



On the word 'Go!' he sprang
into the air like a Dinosaur
soaring for dinner.



And descended the
Schilthorn at the rate
of umpteen knots (Swiss)
per second.



And reached the winning post in
under 6 minutes.



And was last seen thus!

(Quite true! *Knebworth*)

D'Egville.

D'EGVILLE AMONG THE WINTER-SPORTSMEN: CARICATURES OF SKI-RUNNING EXPERTS.

"C.D.S." stands for "Comic Drawings—Signed," for Mr. d'Egville is clever enough to get his "victims" to autograph their caricatures. The Oxford and Cambridge Ski Race took place this year over a shorter course than usual, as, owing to heavy snow-storms, the customary

Schilthorn Course had to be abandoned. Mr. C. E. Pitman (Christ Church, Oxford) won the race from Mr. L. Dobbs (St. John's, Cambridge) by eleven seconds. Lord Knebworth, the elder son of the Earl of Lytton, won the Kandahar Cup.

FROM THE CARICATURES BY D'EGVILLE, SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH."

The Social Round at St. Moritz and Pontresina.



AT THE SCHLOSS BALL: SIR JOHN SIMON AS THE FREE TRADE MAD HATTER, LADY SIMON AS THE WHITE QUEEN, "ALICE," AND (L.) MR. B. C. NESBITT.



WITH THE GOOD LUCK PIGLET: MAJOR AND MRS. W. H. WILBUR.

The Right Hon. Sir John Simon, P.C.; K.C.V.O., etc., created much amusement by appearing at a fancy-dress dance at the Schloss Hotel, Pontresina, as the Mad Hatter. He wore the inscription, "Free Trade, 4s. 6d.," on his head-gear.—As the clock struck midnight everyone at the St. Moritz New Year's Eve ball touched the little pig for "good luck."—Toiling up the slopes in order to ski down is an energetic proceeding which is sometimes avoided by riding on horseback up the hill and merely enjoying the run down on skis.

Photographs by C.N., L.N.A., and T.P.A.



"FELIX THE CAT" READY TO START: THE TEAM WHICH HOLDS THE BEST TIME RECORD THIS YEAR FOR THE ST. MORITZ BOB-RUN.



UP THE SLOPES ON HORSEBACK AND DOWN ON SKIS: MISS ROME AT ST. MORITZ.



ALWAYS READY TO DANCE AFTER A DAY'S EXERCISE IN THE OPEN AIR: A GROUP OF REVELLERS AT A ST. MORITZ BALL.

THE MAN WHO WAS NUMBER FOUR.

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF M. POIROT.

By AGATHA CHRISTIE, Author of "The Grey Cells of M. Poirot," "The Mysterious Affair at Styles," "The Murder on the Links," etc.

No. III.—THE LADY ON THE STAIRS.

"GOOD evening, Moosior," said our friend Inspector Japp. "Allow me to introduce Captain Kent, of the United States Secret Service."

Captain Kent was a tall, lean American, with a singularly impassive face which looked as though it had been carved out of wood.

"Pleased to meet you, gentlemen," he murmured, as he shook hands jerkily.

Poirot threw an extra log on the fire, and brought forward two more easy chairs. I brought out glasses and attended to the liquid refreshments. The Captain took a deep draught, and expressed appreciation.

"Legislation in your country is still sound," he observed.

"And now to business," said Japp. "Moosior Poirot here made a certain request to me. He was interested in some concern that went by the name of the Big Four, and he asked me to let him know at any time if I came across a mention of it in my official line of business. I didn't take much stock in the matter, but I remembered what he said, and when the Captain here came over with rather a curious story I said at once, 'We'll go round to Moosior Poirot's.'"

Poirot looked across at Captain Kent, and the American took up the tale.

"You may remember reading, M. Poirot, that a number of torpedo-boats and destroyers were sunk by being dashed upon the rocks off the American coast. It was just after the Japanese earthquake, and the explanation given was that the disaster was the result of a tidal wave. Now a short time ago a round-up was made of certain crooks and gunmen, and with them were captured some papers which put an entirely new face upon the matter. They appeared to refer to some organisation called the Big Four, and gave an incomplete description of some powerful wireless installation—a concentration of wireless energy far beyond anything so far attempted, and capable of focussing a beam of great intensity upon some given spot. The claims made for this invention seemed manifestly absurd, but I turned them in to Headquarters for what they were worth, and one of our highbrow Professors got busy on them. Now it appears that one of your British scientists read a paper upon the subject before the British Association. His colleagues didn't think great shakes of it, by all accounts—thought it far-fetched and fanciful; but your scientist stuck to his guns and declared that he himself was on the eve of success in his experiments."

"Eh bien?" demanded Poirot, with interest.

"It was suggested that I should come over here and get an interview with this gentleman. Quite a young fellow, he is—Halliday by name. He is the leading authority on the subject, and I was to get from him whether the thing suggested was any way possible."

"And was it?" I asked eagerly.

"That's just what I don't know. I haven't seen Mr. Halliday—and I'm not likely to, by all accounts."

"The truth of the matter is," said Japp shortly, "Halliday's disappeared."

"When?"

"Two months ago."

"Was his disappearance reported?"

"Of course it was. His wife came to us

in a great state. We did what we could, but I knew all along it would be no good."

"Why not?"

"Never is—when a man disappears that way," Japp winked.

"What way?"

"Paris."

"So Halliday disappeared in Paris?"

"Yes. Went over there on scientific work, so he said. Of course, he'd have to say something like that. But you know what it means when a man disappears over there. Either it's Apache work, and that's the end of it; or else it's voluntary disappearance—and that's a great deal the commoner of the two, I can tell you. Gay Paree and all that, you know. Sick of home life. Halliday and his wife had had a tiff before he started, which all helps to make it a pretty clear case."

"I wonder," said Poirot thoughtfully.

The American was looking at him curiously.

"Say, Mister," he drawled, "what's this Big Four idea?"

"The Big Four," said Poirot, "is an international organisation which has at its head a Chinaman, who is known as Number One. Number Two is an American. Number Three is a Frenchwoman. Number Four, the 'Destroyer,' is an Englishman."

"A Frenchwoman, eh?" The American whistled. "And Halliday disappeared in France. Maybe there's something in this. What's her name?"

"I don't know. I know nothing about her."

"But it's a mighty big proposition, eh?" suggested the other.

Poirot nodded, as he arranged the glasses in a neat row on the tray. His love of order was as great as ever.

"What was the idea in sinking those boats? Are the Big Four a German stunt?"

"The Big Four are for themselves—and for themselves only, M. le Capitaine. Their aim is world domination."

The American burst out laughing, but broke off at the sight of Poirot's serious face.

"You laugh, Monsieur," said Poirot, shaking a finger at him. "You reflect not—you use not the little grey cells of the brain. Who are these men who send a portion of your Navy to destruction simply as a trial of their power? For that was all it was, Monsieur—a test of this new force of magnetic attraction which they hold."

"Go on with you, Moosior!" said Japp good-humouredly. "I've read of Supermen many a time, but I've never come across them. Well, you've heard Captain Kent's story. Anything further I can do for you?"

"Yes, my good friend. You can give me the address of Mrs. Halliday—and also a few words of introduction to her, if you will be so kind."

Thus it was that the following day saw us bound for Chetwynd Lodge, near the village of Chobham, in Surrey.

Mrs. Halliday received us at once—a tall, fair woman, nervous and eager in manner. With her was her little girl, a beautiful child of five.

Poirot explained the purpose of our visit.

"Oh, Monsieur Poirot, I am so glad, so thankful! I have heard of you, of course. You will not be like these Scotland Yard

people who will not listen or try to understand.

And the French police are just as bad—worse, I think. They are all convinced that my husband has gone off with some other woman. But he wasn't like that! All he thought of in life was his work. Half our quarrels came from that. He cared for it more than he did for me."

"Englishmen, they are like that," said Poirot soothingly. "And if it is not work, it is the games, the sport. All those things they take *au grand sérieux*. Now, Madame, recount to me exactly, in detail and as methodically as you can, the exact circumstances of your husband's disappearance."

"My husband went to Paris on Thursday, July 20. He was to meet and visit various people there connected with his work, amongst them Madame Olivier."

Poirot nodded at the mention of the famous French woman chemist, who had eclipsed even Mme. Curie in the brilliance of her achievements. She had been decorated by the French Government, and was one of the most prominent personalities of the day.

"He arrived there in the evening, and went at once to the Hotel Castiglione in the Rue de Castiglione. On the following morning he had an appointment with Professor Bourgoneau, which he kept. His manner was normal and pleasant; the two men had a most interesting conversation, and it was arranged that he should witness some experiments in the Professor's laboratory on the following day. He lunched alone at the Café Royal, went for a walk in the Bois, and then visited Madame Olivier at her house at Passy. There, also, his manner was perfectly normal. He left about six. Where he dined is not known—probably alone at some restaurant. He returned to the hotel about eleven o'clock and went straight up to his room, after inquiring if any letters had come for him. On the following morning he walked out of the hotel, and has not been seen again."

"At what time did he leave the hotel? At the hour when he would normally leave it to keep his appointment at Professor Bourgoneau's laboratory?"

"We do not know. He was not remarked leaving the hotel. But no *petit déjeuner* was served to him, which seems to indicate that he went out early."

"Or he might, in fact, have gone out again after he came in the night before?"

"I do not think so. His bed had been slept in, and the night porter would have remembered anyone going out at that hour."

"A very just observation, Madame. We may take it, then, that he left early on the following morning—and that is reassuring from one point of view. He is not likely to have fallen a victim to any Apache assault at that hour. His baggage, now, was it all left behind?"

Mrs. Halliday seemed rather reluctant to answer, but at last she said—

"No; he must have taken one small suitcase with him."

"Containing his washing things and a change of clothing, eh?"

"Yes," she replied unwillingly.

"And the French police doubtless regard

(Continued on page 125.)



HERCULE POIROT.

The Heir to a Baronetcy and His Mother.



WITH LADY DALRYMPLE : MASTER CHARLES MARK DALRYMPLE.

Lady Dalrymple is the youngest daughter of the late Sir Mark MacTaggart Stewart, first Baronet, and is the sister of the present holder of the title, and of Lady Cassilis and the Duchess of Grafton. Her marriage to Sir David Dalrymple, of New Hailes, Iveresk,

second Baronet, took place in 1906, and she obtained a divorce in 1919. Master Charles Mark Dalrymple, who was born on May 13, 1915, is her only son, and is heir to the Baronetcy and to the estate of New Hailes in Midlothian.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

In Chalk-White and Magpie-Black.



RECENTLY HEARD AT THE MIDNIGHT FOLLIES: Mlle. LUCIENNE HERVAL.

Mlle. Lucienne Herval is the well-known Parisian star, and was recently heard at the Midnight Follies entertainments at the Hotel Metropole,

where she sang and danced. She is shown in a quaint magpie-black dress of velvet, edged with skunk and allied to chalk-white marocain.

CAMERA PORTRAITS BY DOROTHY WILDING, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

Bonzo in Search of His Forefathers.



BONZO RECOGNISES A LOST BROTHER.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.

NOTE.—The Best of all the Bonzo Books—"BONZO'S STAR TURNS"—is now on sale, and should be secured without delay, before it is sold out.



MOONS
FROM THE PICTURE



TRUCK !
BY ARTHUR WATTS.

A Leaf from an Artist's Sketch-Book.



"AMARYLLIS."

FROM THE STUDY BY ERNEST H. SHEPARD.

"The Tiger in the House."



FIERCE AS A WARRIOR—LANGUOROUS AS AN ODALISQUE: "CHATTE COUCHÉE;" BY F. OGER.

FROM THE SALON PICTURE BY F. OGER.

The Wife of a Brilliant Newspaper Man.



FORMERLY MISS MARY MOND : LADY PEARSON.

Lady Pearson is the wife of Sir Neville Pearson, Bt., and is the second daughter of Sir Alfred Mond. She was married in 1922, and has a baby girl, Anne Pearson, who was born last year. Sir Neville is the only son of the late Sir Arthur Pearson, G.B.E., the famous blind Baronet who founded St. Dunstan's, and who, before he lost his sight, was so well

known in the newspaper world. Sir Arthur Pearson founded "Pearson's Weekly," and many other publications, and his son, Sir Neville, has inherited his genius for newspaper work, and is an active director of C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd. Lady Pearson, who is in the early twenties, is extremely clever and is a brilliant speaker.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MALCOLM ARBUTHNOT, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

Continued.]

that as proof positive that his disappearance was premeditated?"

She nodded.

"Do not you?" she asked.

"I am bound to say, Madame, that I do. But I do not necessarily accept their view of the motive. With them, it is always 'Cherchez la femme.' Now, Madame, it is clear that something occurred the day before which impelled your husband to a complete change of plan. What was it? And when did it arise? At Madame Olivier's? During the evening? Or on returning to the hotel? You say he asked for letters before going up to bed. Did he receive any?"

"One only. And that must be the one I had written to him on the day he left England."

"H'm!" said Poirot thoughtfully. "I wonder where he was that evening. If we knew that, we should know a great deal. Whom did he meet? There lies the mystery, Madame—and to solve it I myself journey to Paris immediately."

"It is all a long time ago, Monsieur Poirot."

"Yes, yes. Nevertheless, it is there that we must seek. Tell me, Madame, do you ever remember your husband mentioning the phrase 'The Big Four'?"

"The Big Four," she repeated thoughtfully. "No, I can't say I do."

That was all that could be elicited from Mrs. Halliday. We hurried back to London, and the following day saw us *en route* for the Continent. With rather a rueful smile, Poirot observed—

"This Big Four, they make me to bestir myself, *mon ami*. I run up and down, all over the ground, like our old friend 'the human foxhound.'"

"Perhaps you'll meet him in Paris," I said, knowing that he referred to a certain Giraud, one of the most trusted detectives of the Sûreté, whom we had met on a previous occasion.

Poirot made a grimace. "I devoutly hope not. He loves me not, that one."

"Won't it be a very difficult task," I asked, "to find out what an unknown Englishman did on an evening two months ago?"

"Very difficult, *mon ami*. But, as you know well, difficulties rejoice the heart of Hercule Poirot."

"You think the Big Four kidnapped him?"

Poirot nodded.

Our inquiries necessarily went over old ground, and we learnt little to add to what Mrs. Halliday had already told us. Poirot had a lengthy interview with Professor Bourgogneau, during which he sought to elicit whether Halliday had mentioned any plan of his own for the evening; but we drew a complete blank.

Our next source of information was the famous Madame Olivier. I was quite excited as we mounted the steps of her villa at Passy. It has always seemed to me so extraordinary that a woman should go so far in the scientific world. I should have thought a purely masculine brain was needed for such work.

The door was opened by a young lad of seventeen or thereabouts who reminded me vaguely of an acolyte, so ritualistic was his manner. Poirot had taken the trouble to arrange our interview beforehand, as he knew that Mme. Olivier never received anyone without an appointment, being immersed in research work most of the day.

We were shown into a small salon, and presently the mistress of the house came to us there. Mme. Olivier was a very tall woman, her tallness accentuated by the long white overall she wore, and a coif like a nun's that shrouded her head. She had a long pale face, and wonderful dark eyes that burnt with a light almost fanatical. She looked more like a priestess of old than a modern Frenchwoman. One cheek was disfigured by a scar, and I remembered that her husband and co-

worker had been killed in an explosion in the laboratory three years before, and that she herself had been terribly burned. Ever since then she had shut herself away from the world and plunged with fiery energy into the work of scientific research. She received us with cold politeness.

"I have been interviewed by the police many times, Messieurs. I think it hardly likely that I can help you, since I have not been able to help them."

"Madame, it is possible that I shall not ask you quite the same questions. To begin with, of what did you talk together, you and Monsieur Halliday?"

She looked a trifle surprised.

"But of his work! His work, and also mine."

"Did he mention to you the theories he had embodied recently in his paper read before the British Association?"

"Certainly he did. It was chiefly of those we spoke."

"His ideas were somewhat fantastic, were they not?" asked Poirot carelessly.

"Some people have thought so. I do not agree."

"You considered them practicable?"

"Perfectly practicable. My own line of research has been somewhat similar, though not undertaken with the same end in view. I have been investigating the *gamma* rays emitted by the substance usually known as Radium C., a product of radium emanation, and in doing so I have come across some very interesting magnetical phenomena. Indeed, I have a thory as to the actual nature of the force we call magnetism, but it is not yet time for my discoveries to be given to the world. Mr. Halliday's experiments and views were exceedingly interesting to me."

Poirot nodded. Then he asked a question which surprised me.

"Madame, where did you converse on these topics? In here?"

"No, Monsieur. In the laboratory."

"May I see it?"

"Certainly."

She led the way to the door from which she had entered. It opened on a small passage. We passed through two doors and found ourselves in the big laboratory, with its array of beakers and crucibles, and a hundred appliances of which I did not even know the names. There were two occupants, both busy with some experiment. Mme. Olivier introduced them.

"Mademoiselle Claude, one of my assistants." A tall, serious-faced young girl bowed to us. "Monsieur Henri, an old and trusted friend."

The young man, short and dark, bowed jerkily.

Poirot looked round him. There were two other doors besides the one by which we had entered. One, Madame explained, led into the garden; the other into a smaller chamber, also devoted to research. Poirot took all this in, then declared himself ready to return to the salon.

"Madame, were you alone with Monsieur Halliday during your interview?"

"Yes, Monsieur. My two assistants were in the smaller room next door."

"Could your conversation be overheard—by them or anyone else?"

Madame reflected, then shook her head.

"I do not think so. I am almost sure it could not. The doors were all shut."

"Could anyone have been concealed in the room?"

"There is the big cupboard in the corner—but the idea is absurd."

"*Pas tout à fait*, Madame. One thing more—did Monsieur Halliday make any mention of his plans for the evening?"

"He said nothing whatever, Monsieur."

"I thank you, Madame, and I apologise for disturbing you. Pray do not trouble—we can find our way out."

We stepped out into the hall. A lady was just entering the front door as we did so. She ran quickly up the stairs, and I was left with the impression of heavy mourning that denotes a French widow.

"A most unusual type of woman, that," remarked Poirot, as we walked away.

"Madame Olivier? Yes, she—"

"*Mais non*, not Madame Olivier. *Cela va sans dire*. There are not many geniuses of her stamp in the world. No, I referred to the other lady—the lady on the stairs."

"I didn't see her face," I said, staring. "And I hardly see how you could have done. She never looked at us."

"That is why I said she was an unusual type," said Poirot placidly. "A woman who enters her home—for I presume that it is her home since she entered with a key—and runs straight upstairs without even looking at two strange visitors in the hall to see who they are is a *very* unusual type of woman—quite unnatural, in fact. *Mille tonnerres*, what is that?"

He dragged me back—just in time. A tree had crashed down on to the side-walk, just missing us. Poirot stared at it, pale and upset.

"It was a near thing, that! But clumsy, all the same, for I had no suspicion—at least, hardly any suspicion. Yes, but for my quick eyes, the eyes of a cat, Hercule Poirot might now be crushed out of existence—a terrible calamity for the world. And you too, *mon ami*—though that would not be such a national catastrophe."

"Thank you," I said coldly. "And what are we going to do now?"

"Do?" cried Poirot. "We are going to think. Yes, here and now, we are going to exercise our little grey cells. This Monsieur Halliday now, was he really in Paris? Yes, for Professor Bourgogneau, who knows him, saw and spoke to him."

"What on earth are you driving at?" I cried.

"That was Friday morning. He was last seen at eleven Friday night—but was he seen then?"

"The porter—"

"A night porter—who had not previously seen Halliday. A man comes in, sufficiently like Halliday—we may trust Number Four for that—asks for letters, goes upstairs, packs a small suit-case, and slips out the next morning. Nobody saw Halliday all that evening—no, because he was already in the hands of his enemies. Was it Halliday whom Madame Olivier received? Yes, for though she did not know him by sight, an impostor could hardly deceive her on her own special subject. He came here, he had his interview, he left. What happened next?"

Seizing me by the arm, Poirot was fairly dragging me back to the villa.

"Now, *mon ami*, imagine that it is the day after the disappearance, and that we are tracking footprints. You love footprints, do you not? See, here they go, a man's—Mr. Halliday's. He turns to the right, as we did; he walks briskly—ah, other footsteps following behind—very quickly—small footsteps, a woman's. See, she catches him up—a slim young woman in a widow's veil. 'Pardon, Monsieur, Madame Olivier desires that I recall you.' He stops, he turns. Now where would the young woman take him? She does not wish to be seen walking with him. Is it coincidence that she catches up with him just where a narrow alley-way opens, dividing two gardens? She leads him down it. 'It is shorter this way, Monsieur.' On the right is the garden of Madame Olivier's villa, on the left the garden of another villa—and from that garden, mark you, the tree fell. Garden doors from both open on the alley. The ambush is there. Men pour out, overpower him, and carry him into the strange villa."

"Good gracious, Poirot!" I cried. "Are you pretending to see all this?"

[Continued on page x.



Rugger.

Rugby Football Notes and Sketches by
H. F. Crowther-Smith.



THE process by which an England team is produced is a highly skilled and elaborate one. Those responsible for its annual production are experts in the art of spotting the best material and weaving each piece together so deftly that the finished article is about as perfect a thing as human skill can make it. (Cries of "Oh, is it?" and "We don't think!" from those who "grouse" at the selectors' handiwork regularly every year.)

The process is not exactly a secret one; but, for the benefit of those who are not acquainted with the evolution of our national teams, I will endeavour to describe it. Metaphorically speaking, potential internationals have to pass through three different kinds of sieve, and even then it is a case of many being called but few chosen. This season the three sifting machines were known as North v. South, Probables v. Possibles, and England v. The Rest. The first of the series may be described as a rough preliminary test. The meshes of the first sieve are coarse. All sorts of material are thrown into it, a lot of which comes through looking, to the ordinary eye, perfectly good, promising stuff. But the trained experts, after a careful analysis, discard a great deal of it as quite unsuitable.

At the second test it is possible for only the finer quality to come through. Still, there have been cases known where the "Probables" have proved themselves "impossibles," and the "Possibles" have become not merely "probables," but "certainties."

Then comes the final test, which is merely a refining process. Though the material, consisting of thirty separate parts, is of the very highest quality obtainable, quite half of it will be discarded as not being up to the standard required. Thus, freed from all dross, purified and clarified, does the England team come into being. It is now ready to defy the competition of similar goods turned out by Wales, Ireland, France,

and Scotland. I sincerely trust that this beautiful work of the Rugby Union experts, this refined product resulting from months of careful thought, will prove itself to be of the same victorious quality as last season's goods.

It will be a thousand pities if these fifteen splendid specimens of virility, in their nice clean white jerseys and shorts, have to soil

them, and the honour of England, in the Welsh mud at Swansea on the 19th. Without in any way discounting the merits of the Welsh team, our fifteen are perhaps a little more versed in the finer points of the game. This is so particularly with regard to the forwards. Though the English team will not have to cross the Atlantic to get to Swansea, if the conditions on the 19th are the same as they were at Cardiff in the season of 1921-22, I greatly fear they will suffer the same defeat as befell Papyrus in the American mud. There is much food for thought to be derived from the analogy.

The final trial, England v. The Rest, provided a surprise for many of the critics, and not much in the way of a really useful test for the selectors. With the exception of the full-back position, the England team of the 5th inst. will play against Wales. Voyce, who was still on the "crooked" list at the time of the trial, will, if

fit, come into the forward line, and Shacksnovis, the Oxford Blue, is on the reserve list.



B.S. CUMBERLEGE,
THE OLD ENGLAND FULLBACK,
WHO REFERRED ENGLAND V. THE REST.



H.C. CATCHESIDE,
PERCY PARK,
ENGLAND'S RIGHT WING 3/4
V. WALES.

The Rest three-quarter line, which consisted of (the names reading from left to right) Smallwood, Lee, Richardson, and Hamilton-Wickes, had almost no chance of displaying their powers. This was due to the fact that they saw very little of the ball. And, however capable a member of the third line may be, however fast in his progress to the goal-line, which he may make a habit of crossing by swerving and side-stepping, the rule requires that he must arrive there with the ball. Now that wonderful little big man, A. T. Young, the scrum-half, was literally surfeited with the ball by his forwards. What he didn't want of it he handed to Myers; and when the Bradford "fly-half" had had his fill he passed it on to his three-quarters, with the result that one or other of them went over the line with the ball repeatedly. But there was a most lamentable exhibition of place-kicking. Of the 28 points to 8 by which the England team won, only one goal—and that a dropped one from Catcheside—was registered. No fewer than eight attempts to

convert tries failed, and failed, some of them, utterly. Now, to make this final trial a more thorough test, instead of merely changing over the full-backs at half-time, I should like to have seen an exchange of the whole of the three-quarter lines. The Rest three-quarters had had no chance of really showing their powers of attack. In the matter of defence, in which they were constantly tested, it must be admitted that they made an exceedingly moderate show. On the other hand, their opponents had scarcely an opportunity of displaying their defensive qualities. Lawton, who practically won the Varsity match for Oxford, hardly saw the ball at all.

But even Lawton was disappointing as a defensive player. In the full-back position, neither Holliday nor Morton shone. And when Holliday went over to The Rest at half-time, he did little better than the Coventry man in checking the repeated number of tries. Catcheside has certainly well earned his place as England's right-wing three-quarter.

One or two incidents in the game amused the spectators—one probably a good deal more than it did the two players concerned. Hamilton-Wickes, in tackling Locke, came into violent collision with him. They both were disabled by the impact—Locke more so than Hamilton-Wickes. The latter, kneeling by the side of his fallen opponent, showed much concern as to his condition. Then both got up, turned their backs on each other, and limped away, slowly and painfully, in opposite directions.



NEIL MACPHERSON,
NEWPORT & SCOTLAND



T.E. HOLLIDAY,
ASPATRIA.



A. SHACKSNOVIS, OXFORD
ONE OF THE 10 FORWARDS
CHOSEN FOR ENGLAND.

Before the Frost: A Country where Hunting is in Progress.



OUT WITH ONE OF THE LUCKY PACKS NOT AFFECTED BY FOOT-AND-MOUTH DISEASE: MRS. BEAUFOY AT THE SOUTH OXFORDSHIRE MEET AT THE THREE PIGEONS.



WITH MISS MACPHERSON: MISS ACLAND HOOD (LEFT) OUT WITH THE SOUTH OXFORDSHIRE.



WITH THE SOUTH OXFORDSHIRE: MR. BEAUMONT, MISS PEASE, AND LORD SUIRDALE.



KEEN AS MUSTARD: MAJ. CRICHTON, MISS SHEELAH BEVAN, CAPT. HARTIGAN, CAPT. GARRITY, MR. IAN ANDERSON, AND MISS INA ANDERSON (L. TO R.).

The South Oxfordshire are one of the lucky packs who have not fallen under the ban of foot-and-mouth disease, and were hunting until the weather took a turn for the worse last week! Our snapshots

show some of those who were out when the pack met at the Three Pigeons, Tiddington. Lord Suirdale is the elder son of the Earl of Donoughmore, and was born in 1902.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFIERI, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."



Criticisms in Cameo. By J. T. Grein.



I.

"THE WINDMILL MAN," AT THE VICTORIA PALACE.

THERE were in the Victoria Palace hundreds of happy little children and a very happy man. For Mr. Fred Bowyer, who has added many a song to the gaiety of the nation, from a corner in the stalls basked in the sunshine of laughter and gleaming faces. Nor were the little ones alone in high glee; we, the elders, too enjoyed this sweet tale of the naughty Prince and Princess who, at the bidding of the Windmill Man, were tried, punished, reformed, and taught that kindness to man and beast, and particularly to little cripples, beseems the high-born as well as the humblest mortal.

There is in this tale an exquisite blend of humour and pathos: you are vastly amused by the antics of the living toys that, broken and discarded by the naughty Princelets, sit in judgment on them; and you are strangely moved by the good-nature of the street urchins whose warm little hearts are full of compassion for the cripple and his little sister. It is a funny feeling that a simple tale of merriment should have this double effect; but there it was, and so we spent pleasant hours in the delightful scenery of Imageland, with its gardens, its ballet of flowers, its vision of toyland, and its grand finale in the Royal Palace, where the Princelets returned chastised and rueful, and where, once more by the magic wand of the Windmill Man, the heart's desire of the cripple that he should be straight-limbed like other children became fulfilled. Mr. A. H. Behrend and Mr. Albert Fox have written the right kind of simple, tuneful, folk-lore music to the text; and Mr. Albert Gray has incorporated funnily and punnily all the flowers of the garden in a lyric that will for years linger as a minor classic in the minds of all who heard it.

As the Windmill Man Mr. Oswald Waller was an imposing, imaginative figure; as the "balmy" gardener Mr. Bert Coote revelled in the gentle humour of the quaint figure whose madness was full of method. Mr. Bert Coote has a very distinct personality and a style all his own. And once more we marvelled at the ease, the naturalness, the gay abandon of Italia Conti's lovable crew of children, who romped about in unclouded bliss as if the stage were a day nursery.

II.

"PUPPETS," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

A BRILLIANT book by Dion Titheradge; pleasant light music by Ivor Novello, with a "moon-song" of dreamy charm; fanciful scenery by Oliver Bernard; costumes weird and wonderful in exquisite blend of colour—what material to work on for a gay band of "puppets" exhibited by Arthur Chesney and led by Stanley Lupino and Binnie Hale. And so there was never a lull, a halt, or a hitch; it all ran on wheels, and the applause grew to such crescendo that it reverberated like rolls of thunder.

Where the harvest is so rich, it is difficult to pick and choose the ripest fruit; I always feel a little in a whirl after a good revue, but three of the scenes stand out—the skit on auto-suggestion, with the object-lesson that other people can make us feel otherwise than we feel ourselves; the duologue of the Embankment loafers who turn out to be a couple of distinguished novelists disguised, in quest of experience in London's lower depth; the improvised experiment in broadcasting when all the stars fail to turn up,

and the typist (Binnie Hale) and the attendant (Stanley Lupino) impersonated with mordant accuracy and persiflage Evelyn Laye, Beatrice Lillie, José Collins, George Robey, Wilkie Bard, and Lupino Lane. These scenes are priceless, and alone would make the revue; there is also a word-coinage of immortal happiness. When in an *intermezzo* Lupino brings in an automatic cash-register and is asked what it is, he promptly answers, "A Scotchman's piano!" Words fail to describe the response.

There is a rare unity of wit, melody, and merriment in this revue, a semblance of coherence that stamps it as a new pattern, and one of what a revue should be—a passing show with a *leit-motif*. Fortunately, there was also the right woman in the case. Binnie Hale, as well as Stanley Lupino, is an artist who possesses the chameleonic gift of change, and in

whom flitted a chorus full of life and youth and all its graces of nature; while the joy of life reigned supreme in the cosy little theatre.

III.

"A MAGDALEN'S HUSBAND," AT THE PLAY-BOX.

MORE than the play, the criminological aspect of the case interested me. Here was a clear demonstration of the danger of circumstantial evidence. For Joan Potten's husband was murdered in the dead of night by the man who would be her lover, and guilt was fastened on another wooer of her early days who was calmly asleep upstairs. Had not Joan's instinct told her who the murderer was, the guiltless man, duly convicted by twelve wise men good and true, would have gone to the gallows. Now he was saved at the eleventh hour by the confession of Zeekel, who did the deed. How great is the fallacy of human justice!

Apart from this obsessing thought, the play had but episodic holding power. It was obviously detached from a novel, and many were the lacunæ which could only be filled in by those who had read the book. As a picture of village life, with its narrowness, its gossip, its nosy-parkerdom, its havoc wrought by the inn and spirits, it had merits; but the dramatic grip was loose, and one of the main scenes was rendered superfluous by its want of logical construction. When Joan, the Magdalen that would sin no more and resisted the man she really loved, turns to the Bible and by the text impels him to admit his guilt, there was but one issue. He would have gone straight to the police to give himself up. But—it is perfectly explained in the book why—she prevailed upon him to wait for the Biblical "tree-tops," and this led to a scene, of some dramatic effect as it reflected the power of superstition among villagers, but void of inwardness. The play was practically over when in Joan's meeting with her wooer at the garden-gate murder would out. It was a poignant moment of climax that might have been capped by the culprit's surrender at the police-station on the morning fixed for the innocent man's execution. But that scene was wrecked. On the programme it is mentioned as an "episode"—an episode which we never witness (was it cut out?). So when the clock struck eight and Joan filled yet another scene with prayer, the audience for a few moments remained seated despite the curtain's fall, evidently disconcerted and waiting for something to come. This indecision, added to the gloom of the story, indicated the state of mind of the hearer; the play left us in dilemma, unsatisfied. As an experiment it had qualities of intermittent power and of writing; but it lacked vital stamina.

Of the acting I can but speak with unstinted praise. There is but one word for the main male interpreters, Malcolm Keen (the husband), Leslie Banks (the innocent accused), Ian Hunter (the murderer and lover)—and that word is "magnificent."

I see that some of my colleagues found Miss Moyna McGill wanting; perhaps that was so at the first performance, but when I saw the play she, almost for the first time, gave me unalloyed pleasure. She played the part of the Magdalen simply, with great restraint, feelingly. She made me feel the struggle of this unhappy woman who would redeem her past and with all her might resist the power of a new love overwhelming her. It was a pathetic portrayal, and it rang true.



MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH'S RETURN TO LONDON: CLEO (VIOLET VANBRUGH), HUGO (RALPH FORBES), AND BOUSSAT (SAM LIVESEY) IN "THE FLAME."

Miss Violet Vanbrugh's return to London has delighted her many admirers, and in the leading rôle of Cleo, in "The Flame," at Wyndham's, she has a part which suits her admirably. Considerable interest has been aroused by the fact that Miss Vanbrugh's daughter, Miss Prudence Vanbrugh, is also appearing in the production. Our photograph shows the scene in which Hugo finds his mother, and expresses his determination to "reclaim" her.—[Photograph by C.N.]

every transformation comes out a wholly different person. Once in a skit and as a concert prima-donna of ripe vintage, she would have been unrecognisable, had her charming smile not given the show away. She, again as well as Stanley Lupino, is a truly wonderful imitator. So wonderful are they that I doubt whether their victims would appreciate the merciless exposure of their little foibles. And act and sing and dance these two can too—so perfectly that one could say of them they are as good as a play. Yet there were others: Arthur Chesney, capital in character; Connie Emerald, as sparkling and fascinating as her name; Nita Underwood, a charming blonde with a pretty voice and winsome ways; Albert Wallace, the handy man of many ways; Paul England, Fay Cole, Rex Caldwell—a merry bunch withal, around

Art Director for Nazimova—and for Dress Enthusiasts.



1. THE SINGLE-SLEEVE GOWN: NATACHA RAMBOVA—THE WIFE OF THE FAMOUS VALENTINO.

2. AN ART DIRECTOR WITH A GENIUS FOR DRESS: MRS. RODOLPH VALENTINO IN A WONDERFUL BLACK-AND-WHITE MODEL.

3. THE CHIC SIMPLICITY OF A VELVET THREE-PIECE GOWN: NATACHA RAMBOVA.

4. SUGGESTIVE OF A RUSSIAN PEASANT: NATACHA RAMBOVA ILLUSTRATES THE CHARM OF A FUR-ADORNED SACQUE-JUMPER.

Natacha Rambova, the art director for Nazimova, is, in private life, Mrs. Rodolph Valentino. She and her famous film *jeune premier* husband have recently been on holiday at Nice, but sailed on Jan. 5 for America, where Mr. Valentino is to complete his contract for the Famous Players before starting work as a film-producer in Europe.

Mrs. Valentino is a very beautiful and talented woman, and has a genius for dress—as is natural in an art director. Our photographs show her in some of the latest models. The enchanting toque-like head-dresses which she wears with the two exquisite evening dresses illustrated are worthy of special notice.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ABBÉ, PARIS, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

The Compleat Sportswoman: At-Home Portraits of June.



JUNE AND SOME OF HER FAVOURITES:
A MIXED CROWD OF BEAUTIES.



IN THE SADDLE: JUNE; WITH GEORGE DULLER,
THE FAMOUS JOCKEY.



READY FOR A SPIN ON HER MOTOR-BIKE:
LITTLE NELLIE KELLY TAKES THE ROAD.



A MOMENT'S REPOSE AFTER STRENUOUS EXERCISE:
JUNE IN HER ENCHANTING BED-ROOM.

June, the enchanting young dancer and revue artist, who is now appearing in the title-rôle of "Little Nellie Kelly" at the New Oxford, is a keen and complete sportswoman, who spends all her spare time riding, motoring, hunting, or in pursuit of some other form of exercise. Our at-home photographs of June were taken at her house at Blindley Heath,

and show her with some of her favourites, which include a mixed pack of dogs, horses, and a motor-bicycle and large racing car. June is a fine horsewoman, and has had the advantage of some coaching from George Duller, the famous jockey. She is as keen on cars as on horses, and is ready to drive anything, from a motor-bicycle to a racing car.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM AITKEN, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

Unpronounceable Puccini! "Gianni Schicchi."



AS GHERADO: MR. BROWNING
MUMMERY.



AS NELLA: MISS EDA BENNIE.



AS BETTO: MR. FREDERIC
COLLIER.



PRODUCED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ENGLISH IN LONDON LAST WEEK: A SCENE IN PUCCINI'S
HUMOROUS OPERA, "GIANNI SCHICCHI."

The British National Opera Company are receiving good support for their winter season, and their programme includes the first London performances in English of "Pelléas and Mélisande" and "Gianni Schicchi," Puccini's humorous one-act opera—the pronouncing of whose name presents such a difficulty to English tongues! Our photographs

illustrate some of the artists who were advertised to take part in the performance of "Gianni Schicchi," arranged for Tuesday last, January 15, and it is interesting to note that Mr. Browning Mummery's friends entirely failed to recognise him when he appeared in his make-up as Gherado at the first rehearsal.

Plays of the Moment, 1924: No. I. "Puppets."



IN "APRIL'S LADY": MISS BINNIE HALE, WHO HAS MADE A GREAT HIT IN THE NEW REVUE.



"AULD LANG SYNE" "BLUED": "PUPPETS' STREET," WITH MISS CONNIE EMERALD (IN PRIVATE LIFE, MRS. STANLEY LUPINO), MISS BINNIE HALE, AND MR. STANLEY LUPINO (L. TO R., IN CENTRE).



"THE NEW PORTIA": MISS BINNIE HALE AS KATE, AND MR. ARTHUR CHESNEY AS ARTHUR.



"HOOPS AND SAWDUST": MR. ARTHUR CHESNEY IN HIS PATHETIC RECITATIVE AS THE OLD CLOWN.

"Puppets," the new revue at the Vaudeville, is a notable laughter-making production, in which Miss Binnie Hale is seen to very great advantage. This young actress, the daughter of the well-known comedian, Mr. Robert Hale, had already won considerable success for herself; but in her rôle as the leading woman of the new Vaudeville revue she has made a really important hit, and has sprung to the front rank of revue artists. Her imitations of well-known actresses, including Miss Evelyn

Laye, Miss José Collins, and Miss Beatrice Lillie, are excellent, and render the number entitled "Broadcasting" one of the cleverest things ever seen on the stage. "The New Portia" is another amusing number, in which Miss Hale is seen as the young wife who has got her first brief—a divorce case. Her delight is great; but when she discovers that her husband is cited as one of the co-respondents, she is not so pleased. Mr. Stanley Lupino is, of course, as admirable as ever.

Accomplished Equestrians.



Prince of Sportsmen!

No more apt title could be bestowed upon our valiant Heir Apparent. An enthusiastic supporter of most of Britain's national sports and games, the Prince of Wales is well accomplished in the hunting field. A horseman of particular daring, his riding always shows a dash and vigour which endears him to all followers of hounds.

With the Pytchley and other packs he rides straight and true. Possessing a steady nerve and abounding good sportsmanship, His Royal Highness has won the esteem and affection of all hunting people—in "Our Prince" all good sportsmen discern the qualities of a fine and courageous leader.

"Green Stripe" is a perfect blend of Scotland's finest whiskies, having as a basis world-renowned Speyside Malts. When you require a whisky mellow and matured, of superfine quality,

The Correct Call is always
'GREEN STRIPE'
 SCOTCH WHISKY



DEWAR'S

The Spirit of the Empire

THE BRAND THAT NEVER VARIES

AND WHY? Because John Dewar & Sons Ltd., and their Associated Companies, have over 29,000,000 gallons of the Finest Scotch Whiskies lying in Bond in Scotland, and this enables them to always maintain an even quality.



The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.

The Truth About Sarah.

Sarah Bernhardt had a friend whose name was Mme. Berton. (It is necessary that you should get all this quite clear.) Mme. Berton is the widow of Pierre Berton, the actor and playwright. Before he married Mme. Berton, Pierre Berton was the "adored intimate," as our author delicately puts it, of Mme. Bernhardt. When Pierre Berton married Mme. Berton, the latter became the bosom friend and confidante of Mme. Bernhardt. The question is, did Sarah really love Mme. Berton?

Mme. Berton is in doubt on the point, knowing her sex. She thinks that Sarah distrusted her, and at times even hated her, because she (Mme. Berton) had married Berton and Sarah had not married him. European marriage laws are always landing us in these absurd difficulties. If Berton could have married both ladies, their love for each other, we can be sure, would not have been marred by any whisper of mistrust.

Anyway, whether Sarah loved Mme. Berton or, whether she did not, the great actress asked her rival to write the full, real, and true story of the Divine Sarah when the Divine Sarah had passed away. And in this volume Mme. Berton is faithful to her trust. She has not exactly written the story herself, but she has told it all, without reserve, to Mr. Basil Woon, and Mr. Woon hands it on, so he assures us, in Madame's very own words.

"I shall let her tell it here," says Mr. Woon in his Introduction, "just as she told it me in Paris, in the same simple, convincing language, without the addition of literary flourishes or anything that could detract from the dramatic power of the narrative itself."

A noble resolve. We shall see how he sticks to it.

The Origin of Sarah.

Sarah's parentage has always been something of a mystery. You will not be surprised when you have read the following extract:

"Consider this woman. She was born to an unwed Jewish mother whose birthplace was Berlin. Her father was a French provincial lawyer, a profligate, who afterwards became a world-traveller.

"She was born a Jewess, baptised a Catholic. By birth she was French, and by marriage she was Greek.

"Throughout her life she was, first, an actress; secondly, a mother; thirdly, a great, tempestuous lover."

The marvel is that Sarah knew so much about her own origin. Even when it had

been carefully explained to her, she might easily have forgotten it.

It is equally necessary that we should fully appreciate the character of the subject under discussion:

"The 'Divine' Sarah," said Mme. Berton to Mr. Woon, "was divine only in her inspiration; the 'immortal' Sarah was immortal solely in her art. The real Sarah, the Sarah whom her intimates knew and adored, was not so much a divinity as an idol; a woman full of vanity and frailty, dominated since birth by ambitious egoism and a determination to become famous."

We are getting the truth, you see, just as Sarah wished it. How few women (or men, either, if it comes to that) would ask their biographers to dissect their character after death for the information of the public. Sarah was greater than we knew.

Sarah's Temper.

The divine one had a shocking temper. Even at fifteen, after she had been expelled from a convent and longed to

call it the 'Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt'—which is its name to-day. Thus, the last theatre in which she acted was also that in which she saw her first play."

Incidentally, she spent the night there. They searched the whole city and thought of dragging the Seine, but Sarah turned up all right at nine o'clock the next morning. She had merely hidden under a seat in the gallery, witnessed the play, and then remained in the theatre until the cleaners came in the morning.

That was the spirit of true enthusiasm. Those who hurry out of the theatre the moment rehearsal is over have no real passion for the stage. Years ago I used to say, before I discovered that so many people do not understand these things, that I was quite happy in a theatre whether there was a performance going on or not. Indeed, a theatre is more romantic when the audience have left it. You can then make your own play and your own players, your own scenery and your own lighting, without interference from others.

The cleaners, if they only knew it, have the best of the theatre. And yet cleaners seldom look as enthusiastic as one would expect.

Sarah's Early Lovers.

As soon as the young actress became famous, lovers appeared, not by tens, but by hundreds. In 1892 she could boast of a thousand proposals of marriage, and assured Mme. Berton that she could remember the name and date of every one of them.

"I was curious," says the biographer sweetly, "about these thousand proposals of marriage, and often tried to get her to give me the names. But she said that to do so might cause

harm to some of the men concerned, many of whom were then happily married, and had children."

To have a thousand proposals is one thing; to remember the names and dates of them all is another; to follow up the future careers of the thousand, and know which were happy and which were not, which had children and which had not, is a third.

The youthful Sarah was not deeply touched when any love-lorn gentleman paid her the greatest compliment that a man can pay a woman. One young fellow, of noble birth and heir to a considerable fortune, had his face slapped. Others, who threatened to throw themselves into the Seine, were told to go and do it.

Sarah—at that time—cared for none of these things.

The Morbid Sarah.

We have all heard of the famous Bernhardt coffin. Mme. Berton tells us that her friend was always morbid:

[Continued overleaf.]



A PRINCESS, A DUCHESS, AND OTHER NOTABILITIES READY FOR THE COAL-MINE: LORD LONDONDERRY AND HIS GUESTS BEFORE DESCENDING.

Lord Londonderry and his guests went down the coal-mine at Dawdon Colliery not long ago. Our group shows, from left to right, Mr. Malcolm Dillon, Lord Plunket, the Earl of Ilchester, the Duchess of Sutherland, the Marquess of Londonderry, Princess Helena Victoria, Lord Stavordale (son of Lord Ilchester), Mr. F. Wilson, the manager of the colliery, Lady Mary Fox-Strangways (daughter of Lord Ilchester), the Earl of Ava, Sir Hedworth Williamson, and Lady Plunket.—[Photograph by Stringfellow.]

renounce the world and become a nun, she had a temper. She flew into a terrible temper, for instance, when the Duc de Morny, who kindly took care of her mother, wanted to take her to the Opéra Comique: "Instead of the stammered thanks he expected, Sarah began to cry."

"I do not want to go to the Opéra Comique!" she cried, stamping her foot. "I won't go! Mother Saint-Sophie [the superior at the Convent] said that the theatre was wicked. I do not want to be wicked: I want to be a nun!"

"Threats and persuasions were both necessary before Sarah consented to don the new gown her mother had purchased for her and accompany her parent and the Duke to the latter's box at the Opéra Comique."

"This theatre was then in the Place du Châtelet, and little did the child dream, as she entered it, that twenty-five years later she herself would lease it from the city and

Continued.

"Sarah's morbidity continued to be one of her chief characteristics, however. She delighted in going to funerals; and visiting the Morgue, that grim stone building with its fearful rows of corpses exposed on marble slabs, was one of her favourite diversions.

"Death had a weird fascination for her. Shortly after she entered the Comédie she had a love affair with an undertaker's assistant, but she broke off her engagement to him when he refused to allow her to be present at an embalming."

When Sarah went on tour, the coffin went with her, and was installed at the foot of her bed. Superstitious hotel-keepers would object to this pleasant little habit, and in one town all the hotel staff resigned. So Sarah and the members of the company took their places, the great actress herself and Mme. Berton being the cooks. Their cooking was so successful that the hotel-keeper declared he had never fed so well, and refused to present a bill to anybody at the end of the stay. The coffin paid its way that time.

Later Lovers. But always we return to the love affairs.

"A list of the men whom Sarah Bernhardt loved," declares her friendly biographer, upon whom we may rely for the implicit truth, "and by whom she was loved, reads like a biographical index of the great Frenchmen of the nineteenth century. It includes actors, painters, sculptors, architects, cartoonists, poets, authors, and playwrights, but not one idle rich man or rich man's son!"

Sometimes she loved, it seems, to some purpose. The great Sarcey, of course, was her inveterate enemy and implacable critic. Girardin advised her to make friends with him.

"But how—make friends?"

"I have heard that he is susceptible to a pretty woman."

"Sarah understood. . . .

"Hurrying through his dressing, Pierre ran to the stage entrance, where he hid in the door-keeper's box and watched. He had waited some time when word was brought to him that Sarah had left—by the front door. Hurrying round to the front, Pierre was just in time to see her greet Sarcey, who was waiting there, with an affectionate kiss, and then mount into the same fiacre with him.

"They drove away together, and from that day on, Sarcey's pen ceased to be dipped in vitriol and became impregnated with sugar, in so far as Sarah Bernhardt was concerned."

An ugly little story, reflecting credit on neither of the principals. As for the narrator, duty is duty, is it not?

"The Red Lodge." "Greensea Island" was a splendid yarn, full of thrill, humour, and the romance of a lonely island at the mouth of the Thames. I imagine that *The Sketch* notice alone must have sold ten thousand copies—that is to say, if a really good notice does sell a book. Some authors will tell you that a really bad notice is far better from the business point of view.

Be that as it may, Mr. Victor Bridges has written another novel, and he calls it "The Red Lodge." The scene is not laid on an island this time, but in London. I think this is a pity, because London as a setting for crime, mystery, and adventure has been rather worked out.

The big thrill is shown on the wrapper. (It would be.) A gentleman, tied and bound, is

left in an underground cellar which is filled to the roof with water when the Thames rises. The wrapper shows him being saved by the heroine and the hero's prize-fighting friend.



TO BE MARRIED AT ST. PAUL'S, KNIGHTS-BRIDGE ON JAN. 24: THE HON. SYLVIA HOTHAM AND MR. RALPH ASSHETON.

The Hon. Sylvia Hotham is the elder daughter of Benita Lady Hotham, and of the sixth Lord Hotham. Her marriage to Mr. Ralph Assheton, only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Assheton, of Downham Hall, Lancs., is fixed to take place at St. Paul's, Knights-bridge, on the 24th.—[Photograph by S. Feather.]

So you don't get anxious. And, anyway, has not that cellar-and-Thames business been done a few times before? I think it has, because I seem to remember wondering why



A STIRRUP CUP FROM THE CHATELAINE OF HEATHFIELD PLACE: MAJOR SCOTT MURRAY, MRS. SCOTT MURRAY, AND CAPTAIN DENZIL COPE.

Our snapshot was taken at a recent meet of the Garth at Heathfield Place, the residence of Major and Mrs. Scott-Murray.

they did not hit the hero over the head and make a sure job of it. For the rest, this "mystery of Campden Hill" is no such great mystery. An aged medical scientist is "done in" by a burglar; and a girl to whom his fortune of two hundred thousand will go is kidnapped by the villain and saved by the hero. And there is a rascally lawyer who commits suicide.

Cheery as Ever. One of Mr. Bridges' greatest assets, as I pointed out in the case of "Greensea Island," is his cheeriness and humanity. He likes his heroes and detectives to be comfortable and jolly, however hot the chase. He feeds them well; he gives them plenty of drink; and their cigars are usually of the very best.

"What do you say about a dozen oysters to start with?" he suggested. "A dozen oysters each and a bottle of Chablis?"

"It's a good idea," admitted Colin. "Especially the Chablis."

And again:

"Sit down, Mr. Gray," he continued. "I don't know whether you appreciate a good cigar, but if you do, I can offer you something a little out of the ordinary. Of course, if you are sufficiently young and barbarous to prefer a pipe, don't hesitate to say so."

"Well, I'm not an expert," admitted Colin. "All the same, I like to improve my education when I get the chance."

"The old man smiled grimly, and, moving across to a black oak bureau in the corner, returned with a box of long, delicately shaped Havanas."

I wonder why this sort of atmosphere improves a detective story? I don't suppose you would find it in any of the handbooks on "How to Make a Fortune by Writing Detective Stories." But Mr. Bridges is very wise to "keep it in," as we say in the theatre.

"The Thing at Their Heels."

Here we have another story of crime and mystery, but with nothing comic in it. I had better describe the wrapper, because that really gives you the whole thing.

At the bottom of the picture there are five tiny figures. One is an aged gentleman; the second a girl with red hair; the third a blue-water sailor; the fourth a gallant fellow in khaki; and the fifth a young priest in a cassock. All these people are very frightened, and no wonder. Poised in mid-air over their heads is a nasty-looking fellow in horn-rimmed spectacles, black whiskers, moustache, and beard. His huge hands are open and about to grab. And he does grab, one by one.

Who is he? And why does he wish to wipe out this fine old English family? Well, I don't know just where you will get on to it, but I had my suspicions very early in the game.

On page 13 I read: "There was something of the mystic in Father Felix Templer, and his friends noted that he seldom preached without quoting from Sufi poetry, or other Eastern wisdom."

He was preaching on page 13, after which the family went for a walk in the beautiful ancestral grounds. That very night the gentleman with the terrible whiskers and the grasping hands appeared on the scene.

There is a spice of religion in the story which I do not quite like. We can surely knock out some decent "thrillers" without dragging in religion. For the rest, there is ingenuity in this yarn; and even if you should

guess the secret you will get a lot of fun in seeing how the author strives to keep it from you.

Sarah Bernhardt as I Knew Her. By Thérèse Berton and Basil Woon. (Hurst and Blackett; 21s. net.)

The Red Lodge. By Victor Bridges. (Mills and Boon; 7s. 6d. net.)

The Thing at Their Heels. By Harrington Hext. (Thornton Butterworth; 7s. 6d. net.)

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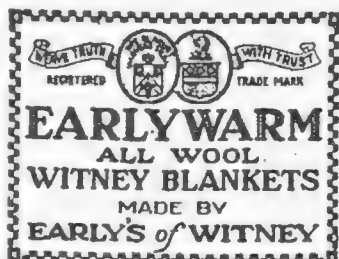
AND WHEN YOU WAKE

On our night's rest depends our good morning, and we often find the morning not all that it should be.

We waken to a heavy drowsiness; we think with horror of getting up; we are stiff and weary. Why? Often because our sleep has not been fully beneficial: likely as not we were chilled through in the small hours; possibly our bodies were so buried in bed-clothes that they couldn't breathe.

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Venetian Ardena Skin Tonic.—Gentle bleach and astringent. Tones, firms and whitens the skin. Used with the Cleansing Cream, it keeps the skin cells active and healthy. 3/6, 8/6, 16/6

Venetian Orange Skin Food.—Best deep tissue builder. Excellent for a thin, lined or ageing face. Nourishes the skin and keeps it smooth and full. 4/6, 7/6, 12/6

Venetian Velva Cream.—A perfect skin food for a full face. Refines and softens the skin without fattening. 4/6, 8/6, 12/6

Venetian Pore Cream.—Greaseless astringent cream. Closes open pores, corrects their laxness, refines the coarsest skin. (Illustrated above) 4/6

Venetian Anti-Wrinkle Cream.—Delightful for a quick afternoon treatment at home. Nourishing and astringent, it softens and smooths the skin, and tightens it. Leaves the face velvety and fresh. (Illustrated above) 4/6, 12/6

Venetian Special Astringent.—Restores the contours by strengthening and tightening the tissues. 9/6, 17/6

Poudre d'Illusion.—Exquisite powder of immaculate purity. Fine, adherent. A perfect peach-like flesh tint, a warm Rachel, and white. 12/6

Venetian Milk of Almonds.—Softens and nourishes the hands. A real skin food, creamy and fragrant, made with fresh almonds. 7/6

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Road Racing. The Automobile Club de France will hold its annual European Grand Prix at Lyons for two-litre cars on August 3; and as the entries closed on December 31 at ordinary fees, it is now possible to survey the list of competitors. It is true that late entries can be accepted up to February 29 inclusive, by paying an additional sum of 5000 francs per car above the ordinary entrance fee, so that one may possibly see more runners than are apparent at the moment. Last year England won with the aid of the Sunbeam six-cylinder racers. This year, let us hope they will be equally successful, as the same three Sunbeam cars have been entered, which will be driven by Kenelm (Bill) Lee Guinness, Major H. O. D. Segrave, and Dario Resta—two amateurs and a professional; though, of course, as both Guinness and Segrave are directors of K.L.G. Plugs, I suppose, strictly speaking, they must not be classed as amateurs. Anyway, be that as it may, we hope they will be as successful in the future as they have been in the past. While England will have only three cars, Italy will be better represented, as Fiats have four cars entered, three of which are to be driven by Pietro Bordino, Felice Nazzaro, and Carlo Salamano, the other by a man I do not know; also the Alfa-Romeo have a team of three, so at any rate England and Italy will have a bid for the much-coveted blue ribbon, and, moreover, this year the cash prizes. For, for the first time, real money is going to be handed over to the winning car, and lesser amounts to the others placed. But that does not matter. It will not make the race any better or any worse. Our general interest in it is that the Grand Prix races produced front-wheel brakes on the modern touring car. They were first introduced in this race in 1914, and again after the war when the race was revived. Last year the Italian team started using a super-charging device for pushing a larger quantity of mixture into the cylinders; and if all I hear is true, super-chargers will be a common device on all the 1924 Grand Prix racers.

Variable Gears. Possibly the most interesting point in the French cars that will be competing is the de Lavaud transmission, which provides an infinitely variable gear, which, it is understood, will be fitted on the Voisin racers, as that company has its exclusive use for competitions for some considerable period. Delage will certainly compete in the event, and his drivers are René Thomas, R. Benoist, and Albert Divo, all of whom are familiar to the English motorist, as they have raced at Brooklands and in the Isle of Man. Divo, of course, was, until this season, one of the drivers for the Sunbeam-Talbot-Darracq combination. The firm of Roland-Pilain will also run three cars, so at any rate there will be a sufficiently large field to give the spectators of the event plenty of interest. There is a rumour that one of the competitors proposes to use a two-stroke engine in one of the chassis, instead of the four-cycle or

ordinary internal-combustion engine. As a two-cycle engine works on the principle of having its charge partly compressed before it reaches the cylinder and combustion chamber, fitting super-chargers gets over many of the difficulties from which two-cycle engines are accused of suffering. Anyway, infinitely variable gears and super-chargers are going to be so thoroughly tested out that, if they are any good at all, we may see these adopted for the ordinary touring car in 1926. In any case, these happenings rather strengthen the contention of a section of the motor industry in this country, which is continually crying out that we ought to have road races in England of the Grand Prix



THE "ZOO" EGG EXPERT AT WORK: PATSY, THE COATI, FINDS A GOOD ONE!

One of the latest arrivals at the "Zoo" is Patsy, a very knowing and tame ring-tailed coati, from South America. His favourite breakfast dish is an egg—"à la coque"—not done up in a fanciful French style; and he is unerring in his selection of good ones. An "A.1" egg is cracked and drained with relish; a second-class one is accepted with a squeak of protest; but if a "C.3" specimen be offered, Patsy rejects it with contempt. The coati is a member of the raccoon family, and are sometimes called Russelbären (probooscis bears), on account of their long, movable snouts.

Photograph by I.B.

character, as at present French manufacturers are getting advantages to help sell their products which our own folk do not possess.

Ulster Wants a Race.

That well-known racing motorist, Mr. Bertram S. Marshall, in proposing the toast of the Royal Automobile Club and Autocycle Union at the Essex Motor Club's annual dinner, recently voiced these opinions.

In his response to the toast, Commander F. Armstrong, the Secretary of the R.A.C., stated that he felt he must reply to this part of Mr. Marshall's speech because, equally with that speaker, the Club realised the benefits that would accrue to the British motor manufacturers should it be possible to run an English Grand Prix race; but it would require an Act of Parliament to enable it to be done, however complacent the various county councils and urban district authorities might be in closing the roads to other traffic. Any ratepayer in the area could get an injunction to stop the race, and, as the law at present stood, the Courts would certainly grant it. Now, the Ulster Parliament has already passed an Act which permits of road races being run in the North of Ireland, and so there are at present emissaries from those parts floating round the Metropolis and the Midland districts with the hope of persuading the British motor manufacturers to run a British Grand Prix race on a road course circuit. For, if the British motor manufacturers desire the race, the Royal Automobile Club would be only too willing and glad to organise it and settle the details. Also, I fancy quite a number of people would be willing to put up prizes, either in the nature of *objets d'art* or cash, if the matter were properly handled. The old Isle of Man course is quite good for cars that could not exceed 70 miles an hour at their very best; but it is not suitable for the vehicles that can run nearer 120 miles per hour than 70 miles per hour. Moreover, there are many alternative routes available in the North of Ireland, and plenty of suitable places which would gladly welcome and adequately provide for all the visitors from all parts of the world who might come to take part in or witness the event. It would be nice to have this in 1925, as there is not much likelihood of there being any serious car trials this year, for I simply cannot regard any run under official observation, in which the speed must not exceed 20 miles an hour, as any test worthy the name for the modern motor vehicle. It is only when you put tiny 5- and 7-h.p. motors on such a basis that it becomes something of a feat, and these have already proved their ability to do this type of performance many times during the past twelve months, so there is little need for them to repeat this form of test this year. In other words, there are

not likely to be any light-car trials run by the R.A.C. this year in England, so it would be a good thing to have a road race in Ulster the year following. Then, perhaps, we should be able to see with our own eyes if there is really anything in infinitely variable gears, super-chargers, and other fancy what-nots that the racing folk may have added to the details of the modern engine and chassis.



The Golfer's Henchman.

By R. Endersby Howard.



A Contretemps. Somebody was telling me the other day about an incident in the final of a recent club tournament. The players, being all square at the end of the round, had to go to the nineteenth hole to settle the issue. There one of them lay within a foot of the tin, while the other was seven yards away in the same number of strokes. The latter, walking towards his ball, soliloquised, as the golfer often does in such circumstances, "I must hole this for a half." He got down the putt. Promptly the other player's caddy picked up his side's ball, assuming that the hole had been halved, although his employer made a gesture to stop him. There was a referee in charge of the game, and, without waiting for any question to be raised, he gave the decision that the player whose caddy picked up the ball had thereby lost the hole, and with it the match.

Everybody Unhappy. Such a finish was no more satisfactory to the winner than to the loser, and the incident gave rise to a great deal of discussion. In his interpretation of the letter of the law, the referee was unquestionably right. The Rules Committee has held that the expression "I have this for a half" does not constitute any contract between the players. All the same, the individual who uses it certainly implies that, if he gets down his putt, he will consider the hole halved without calling upon his opponent to play. This understanding is so widely accepted and practised that the caddy who acted upon it in the case described, and so brought about the defeat of his master, deserved a certain amount of sympathy in his sudden development into the villain of the piece. The player who made the statement felt guilty at having been the primary cause of all the trouble; the player who lost through it was annoyed and dejected; and the referee looked like a stern father telling an errant young son that, whatever the pain caused by punishment, it hurt far more to have to administer it than to receive it. So that everybody was thoroughly unhappy. The opinion, "I have this for a half," is perhaps better left unsaid, and merely thought.

The Caddy's Influence. Another interesting question arising from this point concerns the power of the caddy for good or ill. Here was an instance of a small boy who, I understand, obviously knew little about the game, and who caused his side to lose the match

though being so nimble in picking up the ball when he should have left it alone. A caddy of greater experience would very likely have been more discreet, and the result might have been the other way. From a purely practical point of view, it is rather absurd that the girl or youth or man who carries the clubs should possess the influence to create the difference between victory and defeat. Especially is it so in these days when caddies vary enormously in their knowledge of the game, and the securing of a good one is a matter of foresight, luck, and a reputation for generous "tipping."

A Heritage. I suppose it is a survival of feudalism—that system of the Middle Ages under which servants went out to fight side by side with their lords-superior. No doubt it worked well in the golf of long ago, when players were comparatively few, and nearly everybody who was anybody had an appointed caddy—an established henchman and ally who was himself a golfer capable of being utilised as

Employers' Liability.

The caddy who knows little of the game has to be watched constantly by his employer lest he should commit some breach of the rules that will cause the player to suffer the penalty of lost hole. Such a contretemps has occurred even in the final of the amateur championship. It presented itself in 1897, when the late Dr. A. J. T. Allan beat Mr. James Robb. One of the caddies picked up a ball at the wrong time. It is, perhaps, an indispensable condition that the golfer should accept responsibilities for unwarranted interference with the ball on the part of his own employé; but what is doubtful is the justice in modern golf of the principle of allowing the caddy to advise the player. The advice may win the match or lose it.

Special Help.

I believe that the Ladies' Golf Union has a rule for championships whereby every competitor must take her chance as to the caddy allotted to her at a tournament, and not appoint one of her own. There is a great deal to be said for this arrangement. It at least removes a grievance which a good many people are apt to feel when a player secures special assistance in the form of a well-known professional as caddy. This has not happened often, but it has not been unknown in either the ladies' championship or the men's amateur championship. The ladies have put the law into operation against it; the men have trusted to popular feeling to see that it does not occur again, and very likely it never will. Still, I see no reason why the golfer should not be compelled to play his shots in accordance with his own judgment, and be prohibited from receiving advice from his caddy. It would be rather absurd in billiards, for instance, if one could have a counsellor walking round the table telling one how to tackle each shot.

Types.

Some caddies are dogmatic, as, for example, the tyrant at St. Andrews who kept on telling Mr. Harold Hilton, "Ye'll tak' your cleek and play a running shot like Andrew Kirkaldy"; and the stern hunchback at Prestwick who said to Harry Vardon, "Ye'll play the shots as I tell you," and who refused even to look at his employer again once his advice had been ignored. Some are truly helpful, because they always wait to be asked; and then—when a player is in doubt—they can decide promptly for him what club to take. Their simple decisiveness on the point gives him confidence. Some are useless. It would surely be reasonable to place golfers on level terms in regard to their caddies, and make the latter merely carriers of clubs—which is all they are in many cases.



LADIES V. MEN AT MOOR PARK: A GROUP OF LADY CARISBROOKE'S TEAM AND THEIR OPPONENTS.

The result of the match between the Marchioness of Carisbrooke's team and the Moor Park side was a win for the men by 48 holes to 8. The names of those shown in our group are: 1. Mr. J. S. Scott; 2. Mrs. Dudley Charles; 3. Lady Carisbrooke; 4. Mr. J. S. Livingston; 5. Miss Rabbidge; 6. Mr. C. S. George; 7. Dr. O'Malley; 8. Mrs. Knight; 9. Miss Audrey Croft; 10. Miss Mansbridge; 11. Mr. H. Le Fleming Shepherd; 12. Miss Cecil Leitch; 13. Miss P. Read; 14. Mr. T. A. Torrance; 15. Mr. R. E. Serve; 16. Mr. T. G. Gray; 17. Miss Gladys Bastin; 18. The Hon. Horace Woodhouse; 19. Major C. O. Hezlet; 20. Miss Scovell; 21. Miss Walker Leigh; 22. Sir Herbert Morgan; 23. Mrs. Walmington; 24. Captain Moritz; and 25. Mr. Kellock.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

a partner in a foursome when the necessity arose. On this basis was built up the status of the caddy as we know it to-day. But the modern bearer of clubs is, almost as often as not, virtually ignorant of the game. To ask his advice as to the best club to take for a certain shot may be just about as profitable as to invite him to write something in classical Latin. That is not his fault. Probably he is needed only at week-ends, when golfers are glad to have him as a light porter, and his only interest in the game is the money that accrues from it. But there are also some very valuable counsellors among caddies, and it is the fact that this vast difference exists which makes the power of the caddy often operate unfairly.



I WANT no weakling in my stable.
 I know no wish to hybernate when
 Jack Frost walks by night.
 I'll pay no toll for a fair-weather car
 —kept locked up when winter stalks
 the land.
 Who carries me must needs be strong—
 and willing.
 I want to skim over frost-crisped roads.
 I want to laugh in warm comfort at
 the old north wind.
 I want to leave confident, unhesitating
 tracks in the snow.
 I want to hear the ice in the ruts
 crackle.
 I want to know comfort wherever I go.
 I want to feel the better for every
 coming and every going.
 I want to ride proud in my possession—
 my Durant.

And I'll have a store of pity for those
 who are missing all this.

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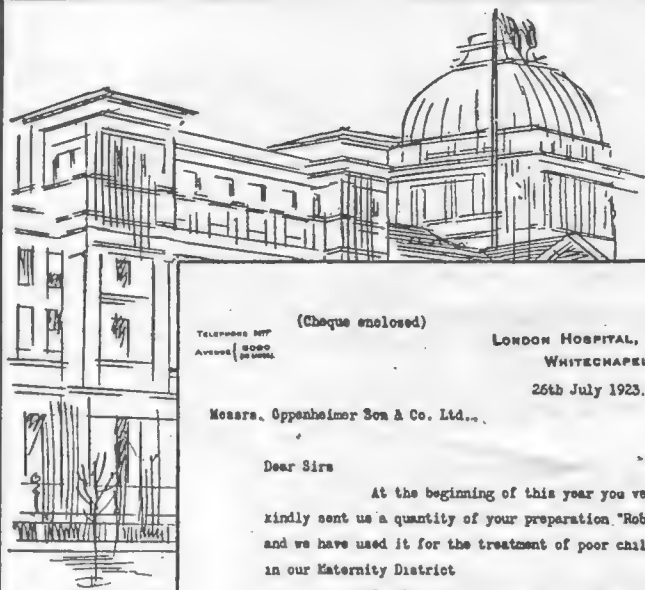
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I enclose a cheque for £10, and should be glad if you would supply us with "Roboleine" 1-lb. containers such as the samples you sent us. I am able to do this because in response to an article of mine in 'The Telegraph' last Christmas, several friends sent me money to be spent for the help of these children. We have come to the conclusion that a further supply of "Roboleine" will be a very useful form of giving this help to certain cases.

Yours faithfully,

C. W. Thomas
House Governor.

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JUST think of this; every day in every year the great London Hospital is fighting for the lives of London's poor. In this never-ceasing combat with the fell diseases which find a home in mal-nourished, weakly bodies, what do we find? That ROBOLEINE is saving life. That ROBOLEINE is doing the most valuable reconstructive work in medical treatment to-day.

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WOMAN'S WAYS By Mabel Howard

Paris Says It With Ribbons.

Intriguing and conflicting rumours regarding the trend of the new spring fashions have been rife in Paris for several weeks. To a chosen few, however, has been revealed one carefully guarded secret, which discloses the interesting fact that ribbon, in novel and



Ready for the first signs of spring is this useful soft felt hat for town and country wear, which must be placed to the credit of Robert Heath, Knightsbridge, S.W.

almost unrecognisable forms, will be the salient trimming for coats, hats, frocks, and even tailor-made costumes destined for the Bois. One great *couturier* fashions coat-collars knotted with ribbons, and designs fascinating Greek borders in black velvet ribbon on a coloured ground; while many sheath gowns are innocent of all decoration other than a *motif* or flower in ribbon embroidery. Skilful touches of it are introduced into many afternoon frocks or coats, sometimes by embroidery on the sleeves or pockets, or by wide borders on voluminous collars, and again by streamers of tiny velvet ribbons as multi-coloured as a Persian shawl. Another goes a step further and has used ribbon to play an even more important rôle. The tiered skirt of a lovely creation of cloth-of-gold is composed entirely of three wide flounces of velvet ribbon, and the result is exceedingly effective. Models of velvet trimmed with silk, satin, and moiré ribbon, or vice-versa, form the keynote of the coming spring symphonies, and it is evident that Mayday this year will be greeted with flaunting banners of ribbons as gaily coloured and as numerous as the fluttering streamers of the old-fashioned Maypole!

Fashions of 1924 for the Children.

We have all, at one time or another, laughed at the ludicrous fashions pictured in old books, and sighed over the depressing garments which the children of those days were compelled to wear in imitation of their elders. Heavy frocks of velvet and brocade reaching to the ankles were not the least of their afflictions; they wore their hair in long curls, which

involved severe penalties if they became disarranged; and the joys of playing out of doors were obviously out of the question, since their wraps consisted of heavy capes which effectively pinioned their arms. But the fortunate child of to-day has her own fashions specially designed for her comfort, and is quite independent of grown-up follies and exaggerations. Every small personage nowadays revels in woollen frocks, jerseys, and rompers; and the children face the coldest weather warmly clad from head to foot in pantalettes, coats, and caps of brushed wool, looking like happy young Esquimaux. For important occasions, the same costume is effectively carried out in corduroy velvet or velour, enhanced by trimmings of the white bunny fur which is now the *pièce de résistance* in so many fascinating children's clothes. Pretty party frocks are fashioned of muslin, lace, and organdie, very short and full, and decorated with embroidery and gaily coloured ribbons. As for the fashions for the elder denizens of the school-room, they may be inspired by those designed for their mothers, but these are followed at a cautious distance; and though frocks of marocain and moiré trimmed with ostrich feathers and floating panels of embroidery are echoes of the prevailing modes, skirts are rigorously kept short and full, to allow the much-prized freedom of movement to their small wearers.



Handsome panellings of metal tissue have been chosen by Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, W., to decorate this distinctive tea-gown of black satin beauté.

Some Fascinating Tea-Gowns.

I have met several people who still labour under the delusion that the tea-gown is a filmy garment which can never be worn outside one's own house. This is quite a mistake; the modern tea-gown has, like everything else, developed



A fashionable and becoming hat in camel-fleece. It hails from Robert Heath, Knightsbridge, S.W.

rapidly during the last few years, and to-day it is a delightful affair which can be worn anywhere on almost every occasion. A convincing proof of this emancipation is the beautiful tea-gown pictured on the left, which must be placed to the credit of Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, W. Soft black satin beauté and wide panelling of handsome metal tissue have been artistically blended, and the result illustrates the several rôles that can be played by this useful garment. There are models made of accordion-pleated georgette, edged with fur, boasting square, cape-like sleeves of silk lace dyed to the exact colour of the frock; and others of chiffon velvet, of which the straight sheath silhouette offers an effective contrast to the wide Chinese-lantern sleeves of georgette floating gracefully from the shoulders.

Hats for Town or Country.

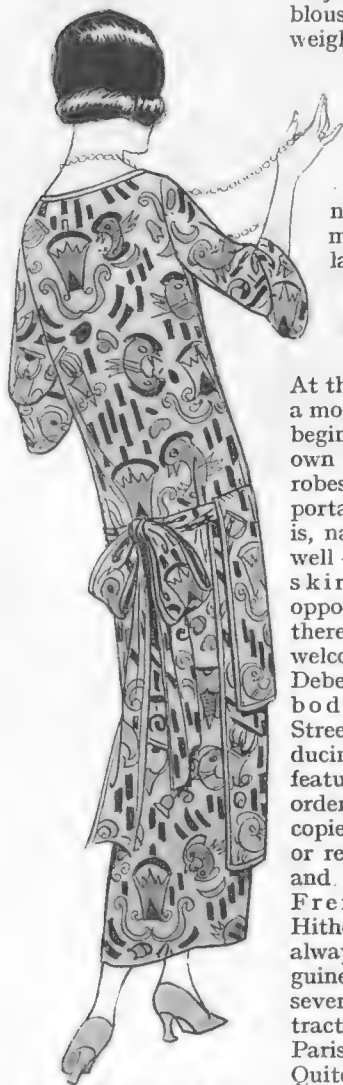
The most modest of spring wardrobes is not complete without hats for town and hats for the country; but when both rôles are successfully combined, as in the becoming affairs pictured on this page, the need is easy to fulfil. Made of soft felt, one boasting a camel-fleece surface and the other designed with a quaintly shaped brim, they are suitable for busy mornings in town or country, and their splendid wearing qualities are amply guaranteed by the simple fact that they hail from Robert Heath, Knightsbridge, S.W. For frankly sporting occasions this firm have designed neat and becoming jockey-shaped caps in waterproof and unspottable velvet. Obtainable in all shades for 48s. 6d., they are splendid for all winter sports and golf, being the essence of lightness and comfort, and defying the most strenuous exercise to disarrange them in any way. They are designed to fit every head.

(Continued overleaf.)

WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

A Sale of Note.

A sale at Walpole Brothers, a firm celebrated for nearly two centuries as manufacturers of wonderful Irish linen, is indeed an important event, and no one should fail to pay an early visit to one of the three London branches—89, New Bond Street, W.; 108, Kensington High Street, W.; or 175, Sloane Street, S.W.—where they will find amazing bargains in household linens of every description. These golden opportunities are not, however, confined to one sphere; there are blouses, frocks, and lingerie at equally pleasant prices. The graceful afternoon frock of printed marocain pictured just below is marked down to 5½ guineas; and the useful over-blouse in finest Jap spun silk, with crêpe-de-Chine collar and cuffs, can be secured for 29s. 6d. There is an exceedingly wide choice of pretty designs



Printed marocain in artistic colourings has been chosen by Walpole Brothers to fashion this graceful tea-frock.

in jumpers and over-blouses of heavy-weight crêpe-de-Chine, ranging from 39s. 6d.; and 25s. 9d. is the reduced price of a heavy Schappe silk nightdress trimmed with filet lace.

New Tailor-Mades for the Spring.

At this date, it is not a moment too soon to begin planning our own spring wardrobes, the most important item of which is, naturally, a light, well-cut coat and skirt. At a very opportune moment, therefore, comes the welcome news that Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W., are introducing the special feature of making to order, for 12½ guineas, copies in gabardine or rep of the newest and most delightful French models. Hitherto, the cost has always been from 16 guineas. I have seen several of these attractive echoes of Paris in their salons. Quite simple, they owe their unmistakable cachet to perfect tailoring and the introduction of novel touches in the

guise of original collars, belts, and fastenings. For the older woman, the becoming long coat may still be worn; but for the débutante it is the short coat which will predominate. Each has its own distinctive feature: some boast high, military collars, or an unusual cuff; and others quaintly designed pockets appearing above a low belt. The skirts can be mounted on camisole tops of crêpe-de-Chine, if desired.

Of Interest to Parents.

Faced with the problem of new spring and summer outfits, every parent will welcome the news that perfectly tailored suits for boys of all ages, made to measure,



Neatness and utility are the salient features of this over-blouse of Jap spun silk, with cuffs and collar of crêpe-de-Chine. Sketched at Walpole Brothers, 89, New Bond Street, W.

are obtainable from Bernard Weatherill, the well-known tailor, of 55, Conduit Street, W., at prices competitive with those of ordinary ready-made clothes. In addition to this advantage, every suit is made with a view to rapid growing, and the exceptionally wide turnings allow a renewed lease of life from time to time. Eton suits can be obtained from £4 18s.; and lounge suits, fitting a boy of fourteen years, for £4 10s.

Spring Fashions and Fears.

Without being unduly pessimistic, I think it is safe to assert that spring, notwithstanding its poetic fame, can prove the most treacherous season of the year, unless one is fully prepared beforehand for the chilly winds, and even snowstorms, which



Pure cashmere and wool, edged with cyclamen satin, makes this attractive Jaeger dressing-gown of periwinkle-blue.

lurk behind its beguiling sunshine. As a recompense, however, we have the cosy Jaeger woollies, which are the very essence of lightness and warmth; sketched on this page are two delightful affairs which I saw in their salons at 352, Oxford Street, W. The fleecy dressing-gown of periwinkle-blue, trimmed with cyclamen satin and embroidered with flowers to match, is of pure cashmere and wool, costing £9 19s. 6d.; and the same model is obtainable in real camel-hair from 75s. 6d. The useful travelling-coat on the right is also expressed in the latter material, and can be obtained for £5 19s. 6d., unlined; or for £7 19s. 6d., lined to the waist.

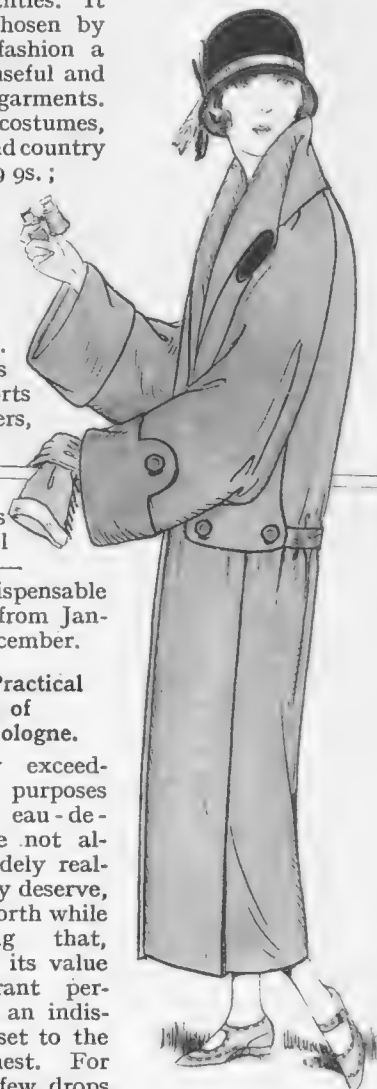
The Vogue for Camel Hair.

The real camel-hair fabric promises to be a general favourite this springtide, by reason of its warmth, lightness, and hard-wearing qualities. It has been chosen by Jaeger to fashion a variety of useful and attractive garments. Well-built costumes, for sports and country wear, are £9 9s.; while useful "shell linings," to wear under motoring coats, are 53s., or 44s. in a sleeveless design. Sports coats, jumpers,

and scarves are also well represented—those indispensable accessories from January to December.

Several Practical Uses of Eau-de-Cologne.

The many exceedingly useful purposes served by eau-de-Cologne are not always as widely realised as they deserve, and it is worth while remembering that, apart from its value as a fragrant perfume, it is an indispensable asset to the medicine-chest. For instance, a few drops in the bath or toilet-basin is exceedingly refreshing after any strenuous exertion; and in cases of headache, bathing the temples or inhaling affords welcome relief. Again, in convalescence, a spoonful burned in a saucer clarifies the atmosphere of the sick-room and imparts a soothing freshness. Naturally, to fulfil these conditions, the eau-de-Cologne must be absolutely pure, and the famous make of "4711" is a safe solution to the problem. It is obtainable from all chemists of prestige in varying quantities, and the new watch-shaped bottle, with the sprinkler top, conveniently slips into the handbag, ready for every emergency. A box containing six of these useful bottles is obtainable for 15s., and single bottles range from 2s. 6d. to 56s. each.



A delightful wrap for chilly spring days is this practical travelling-coat of real camel hair, sponsored by Jaeger's, at 352, Oxford Street, W.

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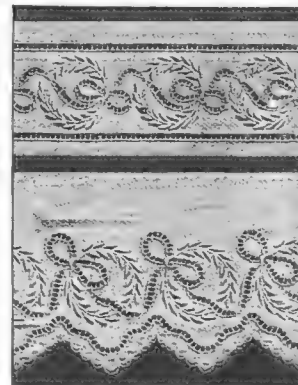
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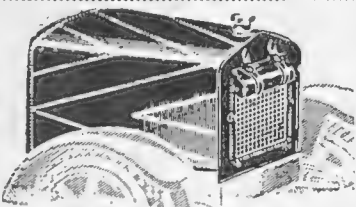
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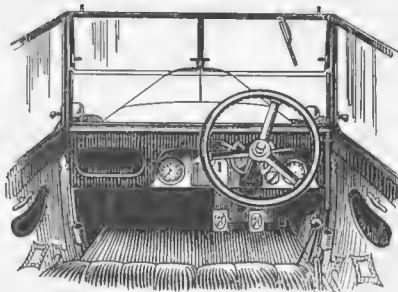
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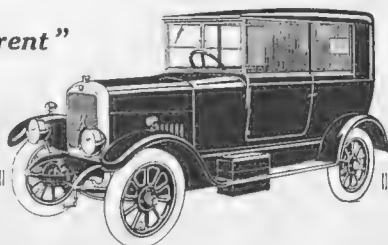
Reason number one is the first impression of completeness when in the driver's seat, everything seems to be there, just where you want it. Note the handsome polished walnut fascia board with flush-fitting clock, speedometer, and switches, also the deep receptacles for parcels, gloves, papers, or maps. The petrol gauge showing the amount of petrol in the tank is fitted to the right of the steering-wheel. The three-panel wind-screen may be adjusted as desired, and the screen-wiper, working in a semi-circle, will be found particularly welcome in wet or misty weather, instantly giving a clear view to the driver.

At the reduced prices of £350 for the All-weather Two/Three-Seater, and £358 for the All-weather Four-Seater, the 1924 HILLMAN represents remarkable value. Dunlop Tyres are standard.

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HILLMAN LONDON DISTRIBUTOR, 143/149, Great Portland Street, W.1.

"The Car that is different"



H.P.



"TOO OLD."

How often have you longed to join a merry party—but for that feeling: "I am too old."

How often, when splendid openings were offered to your friends, have you said to yourself: "But for those few grey strands adding twenty years to my appearance, I might also have succeeded."

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**THE ONLY GUARANTEED HARMLESS
COLOUR RECENERATOR OF THE HAIR.**

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Write for our illustrated booklet:
"Through Legend to Facts."

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A BRIGHT WINTER SPA

Vernet-les-Bains is situated at an altitude of 2,150 feet, and is well protected from winds; it possesses a sunny, mild and dry climate.

**:: HOT ::
SULPHUR
SPRINGS**

VERNET-LES-BAINS
THE PARADISE OF THE PYRENEES

Treatment at all seasons for Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Bronchitis, Nervous and General Weakness, Anæmia, Convalescence. Up-to-date Baths in direct communication with first-class Hotels, Casino, Orchestra, Tennis, etc. English Church and Club, Excursions.

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NICOLL'S WINTER SALE

High-Grade Tailored Costumes, Sports Suits,
Coat-frocks, 3-Piece Gowns & Wrap-Coats at

BARGAIN PRICES

Every garment included in this Sale is from NICOLL'S ORDINARY STOCK.

The materials are of the best qualities—the kind on which Nicoll's have built their century old reputation as "Makers of Fine Clothes"—whilst the cutting and tailoring have been done entirely on Nicoll's own premises by their regular staff of workmen.



"Dongola"

TOWN SUITS

"Noire," as illustrated, in Fancy Cashmere Suitings. Wrap-over skirt gathered into waist at back.

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"Cranley," a smart tailor-made on plain straight lines in fine quality Herring-bone Blue Serge, bound Black Silk Military braid. Panelled skirt.

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"Dongola," as illustrated, in Plain Wool Velours—the season's new colourings—lined throughout Satin.

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"Noire"



"Madison"



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Actual Copy
of well-known
French Model in
heavy Georgette
(2 colours) with
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Can be carried
out in any
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Bright lights
tend to make a woman
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Rouge invisible Nildé
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freshness of youth, at-
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At all good chemists,
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MARSHALL & SNELGROVE'S LAST WEEK OF SALE

FINAL REDUCTIONS
COMMENCING NEXT MONDAY



Natural Musquash and Skunk.
New Model Natural Musquash
Coat, worked from full dark sable-
coloured skins, with handsome
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natural black skunk lined rich
French plaid silk. Original
Price 125 Gns. Finally reduced

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"Nora." Useful Thé Dansant
Frock in shot or plain chiffon
taffetas, with the new long bodice
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self corrugated ruchings (as
sketch). In several good colours.
Special Price £5 19 6. Finally reduced to

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LAST WEEK. Wool Stockinette
Suit (as sketch), made exclusively for
Marshall & Snelgrove from a beau-
tiful quality heavyweight stockinette.
In various styles, of which the above
is a typical example. Usual Price
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Coat supplied separately 3 Gns



Distinctive Over-Mouse made
in cele crepe, perfectly cut
and tailored, in many attractive
stripes, of which sketch is an
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white, brown/white, maize/
white, black/white, navy/white.
Season's Price 63/. Outsize
3/- extra. Finally reduced to

42/-



Attractive Petticoat as sketch
made in rich quality printed
silk with lovely Eastern colour-
ings and designs; smartly cut,
full size for ample figure, elastic
at waist, thoroughly well made,
very durable, finished with deep
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16/9



500 Pairs of Fancy Bar Shoes, L XV
heel, of which sketch is a typical
example. Patent, Glace kids, and
Coloured Suedes, and satins.
Finally reduced to

21/9 per pair.

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Friday and Saturday.

Goods cannot be sent on approval during the Sale.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE, (Debenhams) Ltd.,
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500 Pairs of Buckle shoes, L XV
heel, of which sketch is a typical
example. Patent, Glace kids, and
Coloured Suedes. 18/9 per pair.
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ANDRÉ HUGO'S
"BOBBED VICTORS"

These create a perfect finish to the
Coiffure, and are essential
for both day and
evening wear, as,
spreading out
over the ears
and on to the
cheek, they
give that
charming
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curly effect
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PERFECTLY. PRICE LIST.—88, PIMLICO ROAD, S.W.1. Phone Victoria 7190.

RAMSGATE.—TO BE LET, Furnished, for One Year, from
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RESIDENCE, on high ground, near Park, with Large Garden and entry for Motor; two
Reception and six Bed-rooms; Bath-room (h. & c.); good Domestic Offices; Electric Light.
Excellent decorative repair. Rent 3½ Guis. per week. Private tenant only.—Apply, VINTEN
& SON, Estate Agents, Ramsgate.

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"ONE AT A
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By R. S. HOOPER.

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Author of "And the Next."

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To-day and daily until Jan. 31.

Exceptional Bargains in Curtains,
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SPECIAL OFFER

180 PAIRS, SINGLE BED
SIZE, HEMSTITCHED
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47/6 PR.

USUAL PRICE 63/-
110 PAIRS, DOUBLE BED SIZE

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ALL WOOL
TRAVELLING RUGS
PLAIN COLOURS.

25 Shades **21/-** EACH.

TO-DAY'S PRICE
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TERRY BATH MATS

27 x 45 ins. - 9/11 EACH

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Colours: PINK, BLUE, HELIO
AND PRIMROSE EFFECTS.

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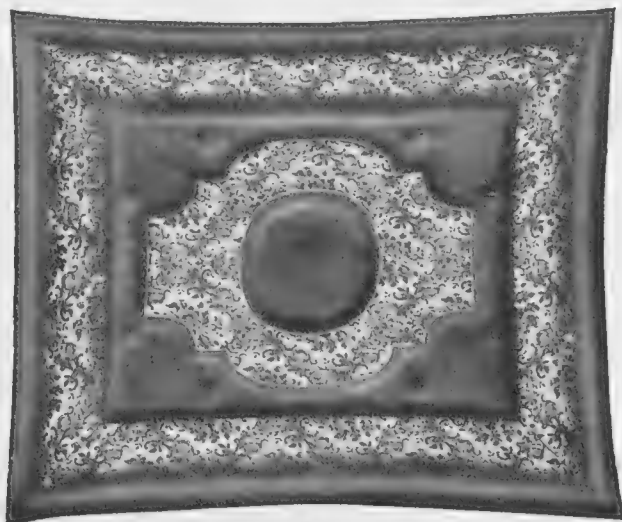
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NET CURTAIN 3½ yds. 66 ins.

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WORTH 18/11



M 4

A VERY WARM QUILT FILLED BEST WHITE DOWN
Covered best quality Sateen

Double-bed size **59/6** EACH

Colours: Saxe, Pink and Old Rose.

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ROBERT HEATH'S, Ltd., of Knightsbridge, entirely new "Pull-on" Sports Hat in their well-known SUPERFINE quality Soft Felt. Absolutely waterproof. This Hat is registered with a three-quarter crown and new flexible brim with ribbon bound edge which holds its shape in the wind. In ash, armour grey, mole, fallow, drab, koko, cinnamon, Cuba, beaver, Havana, nigger, chestnut, black, mid-grey, white, fawn, mauve, saxe, jade, and gold, with small, medium, large and extra large head fittings. Absolutely unobtainable elsewhere. Price **37/6**

AN APPRECIATION OF THE LENNOX HAT.

A Lady writes: "It was packed, rolled up in a dressing bag, already over-full. I played golf in it in a violent hailstorm, thunder, lightning, and rain, and next day in a gale. It was again packed, rolled up, and next day came up smiling, including the feather, and the brim did not flap in the wind, which is the great fault of most felt hats."

A selection of any Hats sent with pleasure on approval, on receipt of reference, or cheque will be returned if not approved.

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of Knightsbridge.



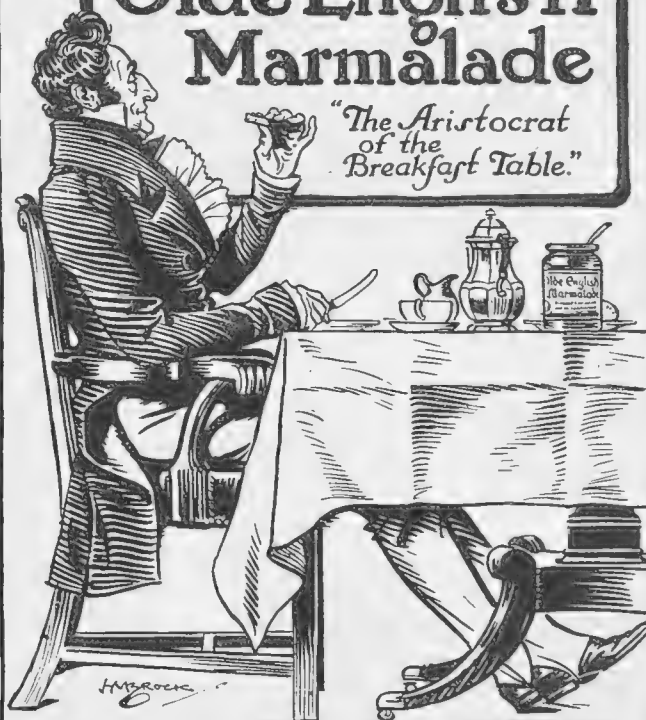
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ONLY ADDRESS:

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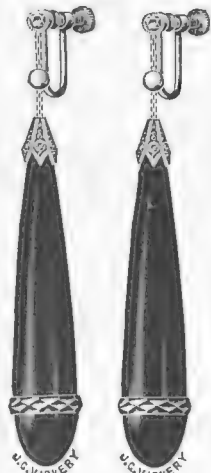
"The Aristocrat
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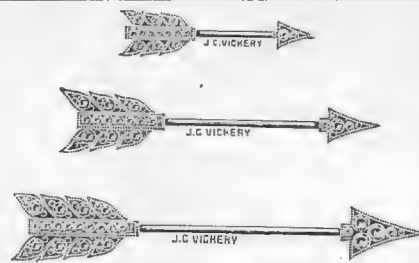
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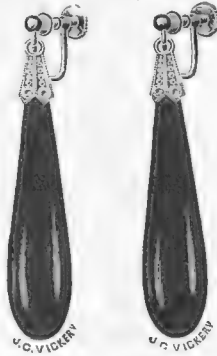
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Vickery's Very Popular Diamond and
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SilverSmith etc. to H.M. the King
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WE are offering the whole of our stock of genuine, reliable and guaranteed Furs and Fur Coats during January at a reduction of 25 per cent. (5/- in the £). Don't miss this opportunity to secure a real bargain. Now is the time to buy your Furs.

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SPECIAL SALE BARGAINS.

Natural Skunk Wraps Usual Price, 15 Gns. Sale Price **9½ Gns.**

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Thousands of other Bargains in stock. Call and inspect them, it will pay you.

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Winter Sports Outfit,
Tunic and Breeches
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In Suède Leather, lined Velour **£15 15 0**
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Original Caps and Hats to
match Suits **£2 2 0**

These Suits can be made in all colours, and to
measure at shortest notice.



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Sweet **PERFUME** of Thibet.

A fragrance that lends to beauty the seductive sweetness of a thousand tropic flowers.

TSANG-IHANG FACE POWDER ensures a perfect complexion.

TSANG - IHANG TOILET CREAM (vanishing) produces a soft, velvety surface, and is beneficial to the most delicate skin.

Perfume, 2/9; 4/9; 9/6.
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Of all Chemists and Perfumers, or from the sole Proprietors.

J. GROSSMITH & SON, Ltd.

Distillers of
Perfumes and fine
Soap Makers.
Newgate Street,
LONDON.




Do This

Combat for ten days that film on teeth

If you want better teeth, let us show you how millions now get them. Cleaner, safer teeth as well. You will be surprised and delighted when you make this test. We send it free.

A new-type tooth paste was created to apply these methods daily. The name is Pepsodent. Now careful people of some fifty nations use it, largely by dental advice.

That cloud is film

The dingy coat on teeth is film. That film at first is viscous. It clings and stays there. Soon it becomes discoloured, then forms those cloudy coats. The teeth's beauty is hidden until you remove it.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth—the acid may cause decay.

Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. Those are Nature's agents for fighting starch deposits and the acids which they may form.

In these ways Pepsodent is bringing a new dental era to people of every clime.

Watch its effects

Send the coupon for this 10-Day test. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

The test will be a revelation. You will have a new conception of what clean teeth mean. Cut out coupon so you won't forget.

A new day comes

No ordinary tooth paste effectively combats film, so all tooth troubles constantly increased. Then dental science found and proved out two effective methods. One of them disintegrates the film, the other removes it without harmful scouring.

Pepsodent
TRADE MARK

The New-Day Dentifrice

Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

Sold in two sizes—2/- and 1/3

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

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Readers resident in these countries may send coupon to above branches.

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THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
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London, S.E. 1.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to—

Name.....

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Give full address. Write plainly. Only one tube to a family. Sketch 16/1924

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GEORGIAN
TOILET
PREPARATIONS**

MISS BEATRICE LILLIE
the charming and well-known Actress, writes:

Dear Sirs,
I use your Georgian Soap, Shampoo Powder, and also your Beauty Powder, and greatly appreciate their quality and fragrant perfume. I find the Soap delightful, and the Powder is one of the best I have ever used.

Yours truly,
BEATRICE LILLIE.

Bristow's Toilet Preparations can be obtained from leading London Stores and principal Chemists and Stores throughout the country.

T. F. BRISTOW & CO. LTD.
Established 1777.
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Perfumers & Makers of Superfine Soap from George III to George V.

BRISTOW'S GEORGIAN SOAP
10/- per Tablet.
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BRISTOW'S GEORGIAN BEAUTY POWDER
1/3 & 2/6
Send name of your Store.
Make beauty a duty!



THE LADY ON THE STAIRS.

(Continued from page 125.)

"I see it with the eyes of the mind, *mon ami*. So, and only so, could it have happened. Come, let us go back to the house."

"You want to see Madame Olivier again?"

Poirot gave a curious smile.

"No, Hastings; I want to see the face of the lady on the stairs."

"Who do you think she is—a relation of Madame Olivier's?"

"More probably a secretary—and a secretary engaged not very long ago."

The same gentle acolyte opened the door to us.

"Can you tell me," said Poirot, "the name of the lady, the widow lady, who came in just now?"

"Madame Veroneau? Madame's secretary?"

"That is the lady. Would you be so kind as to ask her to speak to us for a moment?"

The youth disappeared. He soon reappeared.

"I am sorry, Madame Veroneau must have gone out again."

"I think not," said Poirot quietly. "Will you give her my name, M. Hercule Poirot, and say that it is important I should see her at once, as I am just going to the Prefecture."

Again our messenger departed. This time the lady descended. She walked into the salon. We followed her. She turned and raised her veil. To my astonishment, I recognised our old antagonist, the Countess Rossakoff, a Russian Countess who had engineered a particularly smart jewel robbery in London.

"As soon as I caught sight of you in the hall, I feared the worst," she observed plaintively.

"My dear Countess Rossakoff—"

She shook her head.

"Inez Veroneau now," she murmured. "A Spaniard, married to a Frenchman. What do you want of me, Monsieur Poirot? You are a terrible man. You hunted me from London. Now, I suppose, you will tell our wonderful Madame Olivier about me, and hunt me from

Paris? We poor Russians—we must live, you know."

"It is more serious than that, Madame," said Poirot, watching her. "I propose to enter the villa next door and release Monsieur Halliday, if he is still alive. I know everything, you see."

I saw her sudden pallor. She bit her lip. Then she spoke with her usual decision.

"He is still alive—but he is not at the villa. Come, Monsieur, I will make a bargain with you. Freedom for me—and Monsieur Halliday, alive and well, for you."

"I accept," said Poirot. "I was about to propose the same bargain myself. By the way, are the Big Four your employers, Madame?"

Again I saw that deathly pallor creep over her face, but she did not answer the question.

"You permit me to telephone?" She crossed to the instrument and asked for a number. "The number of the villa," she explained, "where our friend is now imprisoned. You may give it to the police—the nest will be empty when they arrive. Ah, I am through! Is that you, André? It is I, Inez. The little Belgian knows all. Send Halliday to the hotel, and clear out."

She replaced the receiver, and came towards us, smiling.

"You will accompany us to the hotel, Madame."

"Naturally. I expected that."

I got a taxi, and we drove off together. I could see by Poirot's face that he was perplexed. The thing was almost too easy. We arrived at the hotel. The porter came up to us.

"A gentleman has arrived. He is in your rooms. He seems very ill. A nurse came with him, but she has left."

"That is all right," said Poirot; "he is a friend of mine."

We went upstairs together. Sitting in a chair by the window was a haggard young fellow who looked in the last stages of exhaustion. Poirot went over to him.

"Are you John Halliday?" The man nodded. "Show me your left arm. John Halliday has a mole just below the left elbow."

The man stretched out his arm. The mole was there. Poirot bowed to the Countess, and she turned and left the room.

A glass of brandy revived Halliday somewhat.

"My God!" he muttered. "I have been through hell—hell. . . . Those fiends are devils incarnate. My wife, where is she? What does she think? They told me that she would believe—would believe—"

"She does not," said Poirot firmly. "Her faith in you has never wavered. She is waiting for you—she and the child."

"Thank God for that! I can hardly believe that I am free once more."

"Now that you are a little recovered, Monsieur, I should like to hear the whole story from the beginning."

Halliday looked at him with an indescribable expression.

"I remember—nothing," he said.

"What?"

"Have you ever heard of the Big Four?"

"Something of them," said Poirot drily.

"You do not know what I know. They have unlimited power. If I remain silent, I shall be safe; if I say one word—not only I, but my nearest and dearest, will suffer unspeakable things. It is no good arguing with me. I know. . . . I remember—nothing."

And, getting up, he walked from the room.

Poirot's face wore a baffled expression.

"So it is like that, is it?" he muttered. "The Big Four win again. What is that you are holding in your hand, Hastings?"

I handed it to him.

"The Countess scribbled it before she left," I explained.

He read it.

"Au revoir.—I. V."

"Signed with her initials—'I. V.' Just a coincidence, perhaps, that they also stand for *four*. I wonder, Hastings, I wonder."

THE END.

ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY for ALL ARTISTS

The SKETCH Offers £100 for a Simple Poster Design

LAST year we offered the same prize—namely, £100—for a design for the permanent cover of THE SKETCH, an offer which met with an extraordinary response. We now appeal to all artists to submit a poster suitable for exhibition on hoardings or railway bookstalls.

The designs submitted should be suitable for reproduction in two colours; as is the design on the cover of this and other issues of THE SKETCH.

Remember: the designs can be drawn any size; they need not be of poster size.

Also, the designs need not contain any wording; nor need they necessarily have the present cover design incorporated in them—that is, it is not essential that our little lady with the figurines should be represented. It is essential, however, that the poster shall suggest the policy of THE SKETCH—that is, the treatment of artistic, social, and theatrical life.

We also make the following conditions, by which all sending in designs must abide.

1. Any artist may send in any number of designs.
2. All designs must reach this office—"The Sketch," 15, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C2.—by not later than the first post on February 27, 1924.
3. Each drawing must have upon it the artist's name and address.
4. The Editor's decision must be accepted as final.

Subject to these conditions, the Editor will pay £100 for the winning design; this to cover the original and the full copyright, which will then become the property of *The Sketch*.

Designs, except the winning design and any reserved for possible future use (by arrangement with the artists), will be returned in due course, provided postage or carriage is prepaid by the senders; but the Editor will not be responsible for the loss of or damage to any design submitted.



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"Red Tape" REGD The Whisky

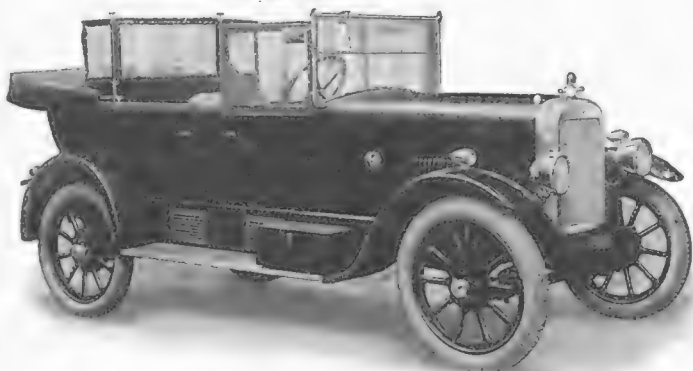
is unaffected by the new price of 13/-—justified by virtue of "Red Tape's" higher quality, as also by reason of its costlier production.



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BRITISH-AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LARGER PROFITS.

THE Twenty-first Annual General Meeting of the British-American Tobacco Company, Limited, was held on the 11th at the Offices of the Company, Westminster House, 7, Millbank, S.W.1, Mr. A. G. Jeffress, one of the Deputy Chairmen, presiding.

The Secretary, Mr. A. M. Rickards, F.C.I.S., read the Certificate of Sir William Plender, of Messrs. Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths, and Co., Chartered Accountants; appended to the Accounts.

In the course of his speech, the Chairman said: "The Accounts show a net profit for the year, after deducting all charges and providing for Income Tax and Corporation Profits Tax, of £4,494,971, an increase of about £94,000 over the previous year, and in view of the continued business depression in the fields we cover, and the downward tendency of exchange for the year, the Directors trust the shareholders will consider the results as very satisfactory.

"Last year we carried forward a balance of £4,721,105, out of which we paid a final dividend of 9 per cent., amounting to £1,444,153 which left us with a disposable balance of £3,276,952. During the year some additional coupons have been deposited with us in respect of the shares issuable in pursuance of the extraordinary resolution of the shareholders of the 10th of May, 1920, and we have allotted to shareholders 257 Ordinary Shares of £1 each and a sum of £257 is deducted from the balance, leaving £3,276,695. To this must be added the profits for the year as previously mentioned, £4,494,971, less the Preference dividend amounting to £225,000 and the 4 interim dividends paid on the Ordinary Shares for the year amounting to £2,568,395, leaving a disposable balance of £4,978,271, out of which the Directors recommend the distribution on January 17th instant of a final dividend (free of British Income Tax) on the issued Ordinary Shares of 9 per cent. amounting to £1,446,425, leaving £3,531,845 to be carried forward, all of which is required in the operations of the Company. This final dividend of 9 per cent. will make a total dividend of 25 per cent. free of British Income Tax for the year upon the Ordinary Shares.

"The profit for the year now under review does not include any amount in respect of claim for refund of Excess Profits Duty which was mentioned in your Chairman's speech last year, and which has not yet been adjusted.

"I am glad to be able to report that in face of abnormal business and political conditions prevailing in many countries in which we operate, our total volume of business shows a substantial increase over the previous year, and this increase in volume has been maintained during the first three months of the current year. I should again remind you that your business consists entirely of export and foreign business, and this being the case the shareholders should bear in mind that the profits in sterling are largely dependent upon the rates of exchange, which were very much against us in the year under review as compared with the previous year, and I do not see any indication of a general improvement to-day.

"I now formally beg to move the adoption of the Report and Balance Sheet for the year ended 30th September, 1923, including the payment on the 17th January instant of a final dividend of 9 per cent. upon the issued Ordinary Shares free of British Income Tax.

"I may also mention that the Directors have declared for the year 1923-24 an Interim Dividend of 4 per cent., free of British Income Tax, also payable on the 17th January, so that the Shareholders will receive on that date 13 per cent."

No questions were asked, and the Chairman then put the resolution to the meeting and it was carried unanimously.

Mr. H. Macdonald Hodges then said: "Ladies and Gentlemen,—I have much pleasure in proposing: 'That a hearty vote of thanks be accorded to the Chairman for his conduct in the chair and to the directors and the staff for the efficient management of the affairs of the company during the past year.' I will ask another shareholder to second that resolution."

Mr. J. P. Stark said: "I have very much pleasure in seconding that resolution."

The motion was unanimously approved.

The Chairman: "Ladies and gentlemen, on behalf of my colleagues and the staff—who have done so much to produce the results which we submit to you on this occasion—I beg to thank you for this vote."

The proceedings then terminated.

BROWNING ON BRIDGE.—XXXI.

POST-MORTEM.

THE other day I read in the bridge notes of a contemporary that the writer, while wishing his readers all seasonable good luck at bridge, and so on, added, "but no post mortems!" Now this surprised me—not that the writer should wish his readers good luck, but that he should express a hope that they would avoid post-mortems. I am aware that in certain quarters any discussion of a hand that is over and done with is taboo; but, in my opinion at any rate, you don't find bridge-players in these quarters, nor even card-players—that is to say, not card, or bridge, lovers, but only those who hold (and truly enough, it must be confessed), that what is over and done with can never be altered, and that the best thing to do is to say nothing about it, but to get on with the next. Such people, I say, are not true lovers of card-playing for the sake of playing cards; no, they are anxious to get on with the next simply because there are so many half-crowns, or what-nots, attached to that next; and because they hope to attach themselves to the said what-nots in the shortest possible time. Nor do they want to improve their game, which they may deem an impossibility—and which of a truth may, too, be an impossibility (but for other reasons); nor do they deserve to improve their game; nor will they ever improve their game; and they say, "No post-mortems please."

The holding of post-mortems, if properly carried out, on certain hands is one of the most interesting parts of the game; and it is the second-best method of learning, or at any rate of improving one's game. (The best method, of course, is to sit behind a couple of sound players and watch their game.) I am careful to say: *if properly*

carried out. The post-mortem which starts with sarcasm and ends with inter-partner (often inter-adversary too) abuse is, of course, no use either to the game itself or to those playing it. Such a state of affairs is indeed one that it is to be wished readers may avoid during the present New, or any other Year; and no doubt that is what the above writer meant when wishing his readers good luck. But, then, that sort of thing is not a post-mortem at all, it is a quarrel, which, as I have said before, is what a friend of mine always calls the game of bridge.

The post-mortem proper is carried out during the deal of the next hand, and is but an analysis of the previous four hands, and the pointing out (in a good-natured and well-meaning manner) of what *might* have happened—often what *should* have happened—had the calling or the play, or both, been different. It is thus discovered that AB could have won the game had they bid diamonds and been allowed to play them; while YZ had game in their hands supposing they had gone no-trumps, and supposing always B had not bid in clubs to get a lead through; or how the game under examination might easily have been saved had Y but made a lucky opening, although perhaps an incorrect one; or a hundred and one other things that would have happened as the cards lay. There is always something to learn from this—something that can and should be applied on some future occasion; and surely such dissection of the hands must be more interesting than the throwing of them in whole, and so getting into that absurd frame of card mind which some players actually *pride* themselves on, of either not being able, or not being willing, to remember a single thing about the hand just played. How often do we hear it said: "Once a hand is over, I have not the smallest recollection of anything

that happened; and I don't want to. I try to forget all about it." Why do such people play cards at all—bridge or any other game? Personally, I play every hand that had any curious or interesting point in it over a second time (in my head); and if I were not able to remember every trick, from No. 1 to No. 13 inclusive, I should never play the game again—it simply would bore me, and I should take up marbles instead. And I like other players, or some of them, to do the same thing, to take a genuine interest in the combination of the cards, and a genuine pleasure in discussing the possibilities of such a combination. Of course, it takes card-lovers to do this, and, if I may say so without being accused of swaggering, it also takes players who are lucky or unlucky enough to have that peculiar quality known as card "hunch" or "sense" or "intelligence."

I have had sent to me this week a hand which I think is well worthy of a post-mortem. Here we have all four hands set out on paper, which makes it an easy business, but still see what a cutting up of the bidding and play it asks for.

SPADES—A, K \clubsuit , 10, 9, 2.

HEARTS—K, 7, 6.

CLUBS—6.

DIAMONDS—A, 9, 8, 2.

Z

SPADES—K, Q, 7, 5, 3.

HEARTS—A, K \clubsuit , 10, 9, 8, 5.

CLUBS—K, 2.

DIAMONDS—None.

SPADES—6.

HEARTS—2

CLUBS—Q, K \clubsuit , 10, 9, 8, 7, 5, 3

DIAMONDS—6, 5, 4.

Y

SPADES—8, 4.

HEARTS—Q, 4, 3.

CLUBS—A, 4.

DIAMONDS—K, Q, K \clubsuit , 10, 7, 3.

The score was love all. A dealt. The bidding was: A—one heart; Z—one spade; B—three clubs; Z—three diamonds; A—three hearts; Z—four diamonds; B—No; Z—No; A—four hearts; Z—double. End.

[Continued overleaf.]

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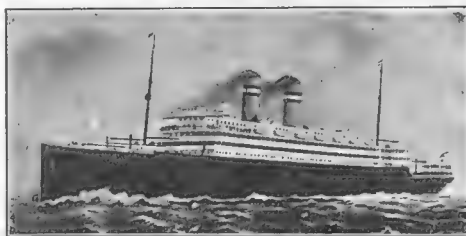
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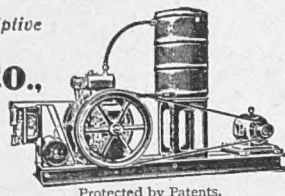
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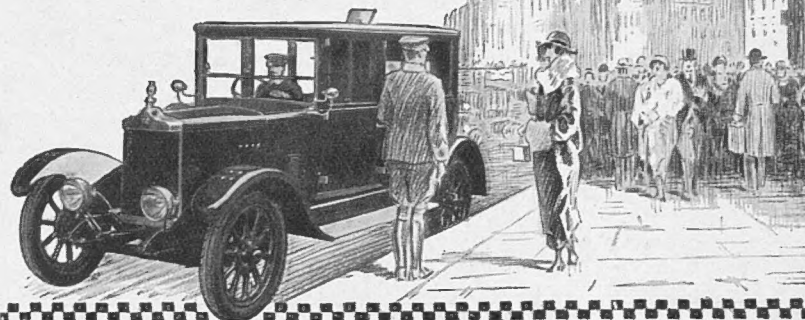
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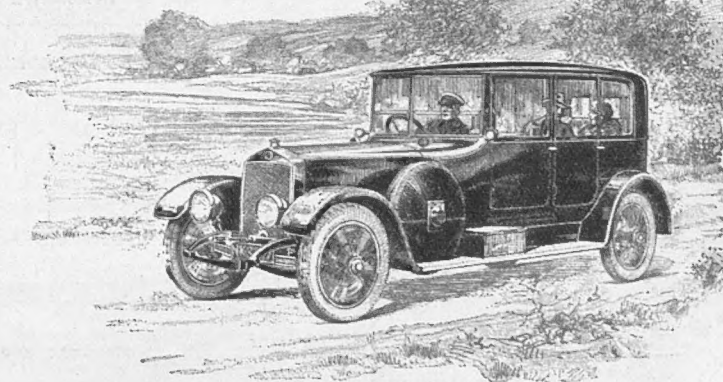
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Continued.]

A became four down. I am asked my opinion on the calling, but before giving it, I will give my correspondent's finding on the post-mortem—

"YZ could have made five diamonds, losing one trick in spades and one in hearts, if he had lead anything but the ace of hearts followed by a small one, which, *of course*, he would not have done [the italics are mine]. (Query No. 1: Is this correct?) AB would have been two down in five clubs if, after winning the first trick with the ace of spades, Z had led a trump to clear the diamonds, the correct lead in our opinion; otherwise, AB would have fulfilled contract." (Query No. 2: Is this correct?)

In my opinion, the bidding here is correct up to the third round. B's three clubs is perfectly correct. It means: "I can't stop spades going game, and I can't help you, partner, in hearts." A bid of two clubs would not deny hearts, and would actually mean stronger clubs than those really held. For all that, A's three hearts is correct. It looks a better bid than five clubs, despite partner warning to keep off hearts, and he dislikes diamonds; but further, and more particularly, he must try to push Z to three spades. The latter's call is excellent, a pleasure to see. He retires quickly from spades, and supports his partner in a minor suit. Good! If only all players would do this! Never despise minor suit *play*, but never bid a minor originally. Here Y would be entirely wrong to bid diamonds as first caller. A's four hearts is indefensible—he was playing for a certain and heavy loss. Better far bid the fifth club, but better still, say "no." The fact that YZ win game in diamonds has nothing to do with it. As a fact, on card probabilities, AB should defeat the four-diamond bid, or at least save the game;

but here they are up against a freak, more or less, and B's clubs are lamentably weak.

The solution to Bridge Problem No. 12 will appear next week.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BALLYNURE.—Many thanks for freak hand, which I hope to refer to next week.

G. Y. WHITFIELD.—I think, as dealer, at a clean (or any other) score you were right to bid no-trump on K, Q, 9, 8, of spades; K and three small hearts; the 2 of diamonds; and K, 10, 7, 4, of clubs. Your partner had no business to take out on five diamonds to knave, ten and a bust. The weakness take-out is a bad proposition. On the other hand, your partner having taken you out, the next bid is on you, and you should have bid a couple of spades.

CLEMENT ELLIS.—No, indeed; your letter did not bore me. The position is very interesting, but please answer above queries.

A "BEAUFORTSHIRE" BUDGET.

WE'VE had all the sport and *all* the people this way lately, and are more enthusiastic about Item No. 1 than the other. In fact, there's been no end of a flutter in the ducal dovescotes over the invasion of the foot- and -mouthers! Hurried summoning of the Privy Council—in other words, the Committee. Decision to raise the cap to £3 per day. And *still* they don't care, and come! The ducal pen has been dipped in acid ink, too. The minor poet weighs in with this gem—

"Following' cars, complete with crews,
Must cease pursuing—we all know
Who's(e)!"

Well, the restrictions are off, Gloucestershire is uncorked again, and we proceed at six days a week as usual, though it must be strenuous for Master, as Tom Newman is

still *hors de combat* from his broken collar-bone. Bit rambly and roundabout, the Upper Combe day, but hounds covered a lot of ground and there was plenty doing. Mrs. Ralli (formerly Mrs. Esmé Arkwright), who has been staying with Lady Cowley, came to grief, and it is feared has broken her arm. At all events, it has been set, pending X-rays confirmation of a suspected fracture.

There was trouble at the brook just beyond Abberd Wood on the Thursday, when the bolder spirits anticipated matters by having a go at it. Several got in, and Lady Worcester was one of the unlucky ones; then hounds rather aggravated matters by turning in the opposite direction, so that the baths were purely gratuitous! Not a good scenting day this, but hounds kept going, in the Compton Vale as well as along the Hangings. Saturday was a fizzer! *What* a crowd at Hullington! Hounds ran "fast at first, slow arterwards," in the morning hunt; but there was no holding them, or keeping with them, in the afternoon, when they simply flew from West Park to Pinkney, via Malmesbury and Easton Grey. The Duchess had rather a nasty fall in the morning, but appeared none the worse, fortunately. What a season for falls it has been! On the Bush-ton Monday there were so many it would be simpler to name those who "stood up." What a day it was! Hounds screaming along, and the going—"heavy, and then some" doesn't say enough! A seven-mile point in forty-five minutes scattered the field over miles of mud and water! Seldom has one seen so many sad cases for the valeting department. The second-horse lot came in for a tremendous afternoon hunt, over a big country again, and there was more tribulation to that. But there is always a scent when this country rides deep, and the last two days were really marvellous samples.

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